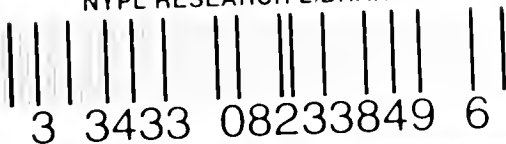


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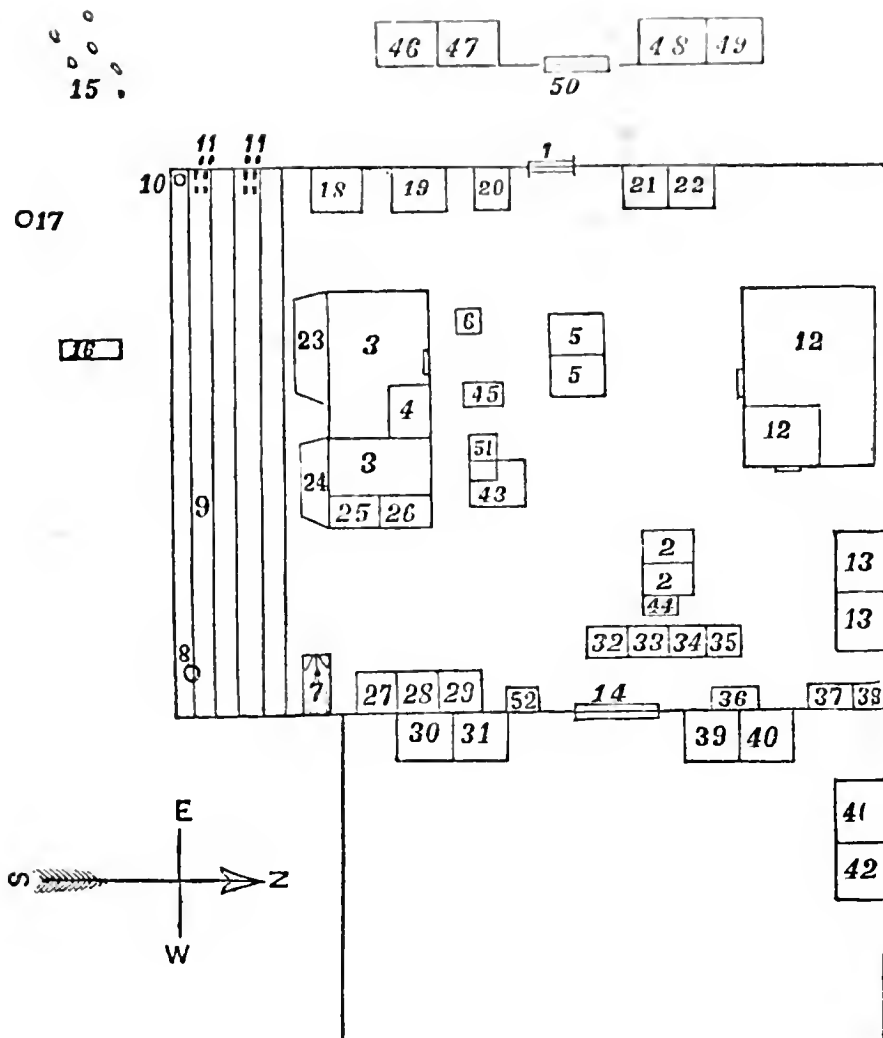


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1. Front gate. 2. House in which Cambiaso and Garcia lived.
3. Rooms where Mr. Shaw and myself were first confined.
4. The room I was afterwards removed to.
5. Where Mr. Dunn, Capt. Avalos, and others were confined.
6. Where my crew were confined. 7. Gallows.
8. Tree where the woman and others were shot.
9. The platform. 10. Flag-staff. 11. Guns.
12. Officers' house. 13. Cook and bake houses.
14. Gate to the yard where the cattle were kept.
15. Trees where Mr. Shaw, Capt. Talbot, and the passenger were shot.
16. Where they were burnt, with the governor.
17. Where the vessels' papers were burnt.
- 18 to 44. Houses or huts for the soldiers and prisoners.
45. Calaboose. 46 to 49. Store houses.
50. Gate. 51. Sometimes used for calaboose.
52. Dog house.

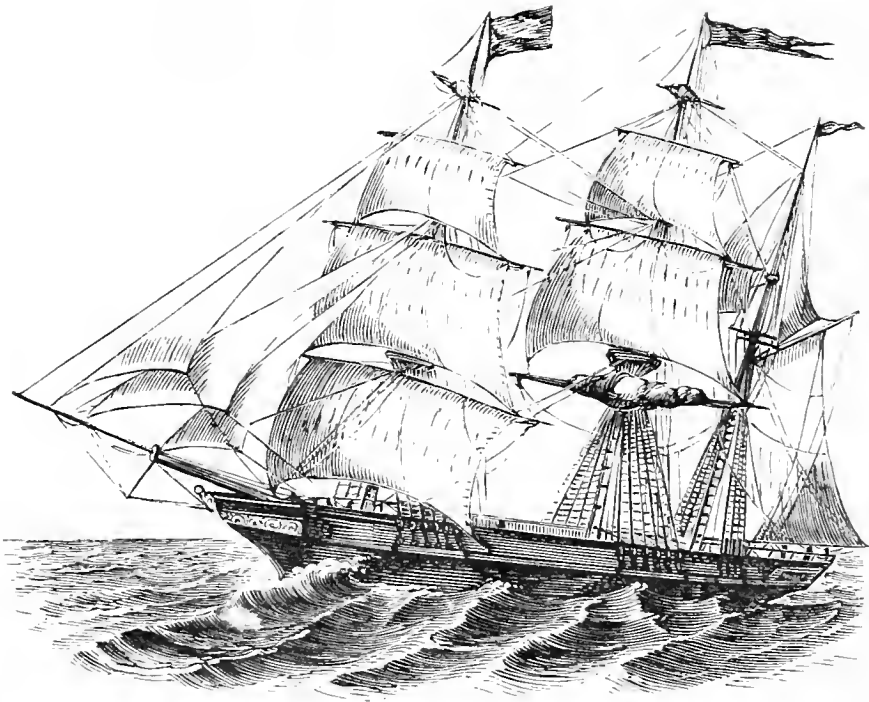


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BARK FLORIDA.

1919-30
INSURRECTION AT MAGELLAN.

NARRATIVE

OF THE

IMPRISONMENT AND ESCAPE

OF

CAPT. CHAS. H. BROWN,

FROM THE

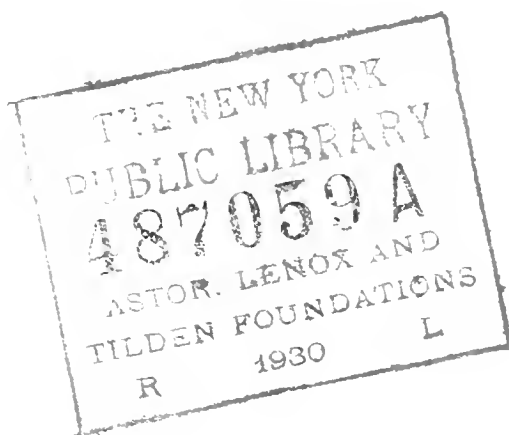
CHILIAN CONVICTS.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY GEO. C. RAND, 3 CORNHILL.

1854
MDCCCLIV.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854,
BY CHAS. H. BROWN,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of
Massachusetts.

P R E F A C E .

THE preface to a book is very often nothing more than a respectable cloak, allowed by the conventionalities of literature, in which an author may wrap his excuses and apologies for troubling the public with his lucubrations. This dressing up of excuses in order to introduce them into notice under another name, is a thing so tempting to poor human nature, such a pleasant little offering to self esteem and vanity, that it would be very hard if authors were to be debarred from a luxury in which all their fellow mortals indulge. Yet, if it be true that a good wine needs no bush, it is equally true that a good book needs no excuse; and in this age of ready writers, it is very certain that no excuse or apology can justify the publishing a bad one. To apologise for poor or careless writing, because there has not been time or opportunity to make it better, provokes the question, "What necessity was there for writing at all?"—a question not always easily answered.

But this is not an apology for my own book; it is simply a preface to the narrative of another person, in which I can claim no part except that

of collecting the facts from different sources, of arranging and compiling them. If in performing this task, I have in any way "come tardy off," my excuses are due to both captain Brown and his readers.

In writing out this account, I have labored under the disadvantage of being able to hold no communication with captain Brown, except by letters. His legal papers connected with his claim for salvage, and his own concise narrative of his sufferings and escape, drawn up for Mr. Webster's information at the time the claim for salvage was first made, were put into my hands; and his letters from time to time have supplied me with the details. I have, in every case where it was possible, retained his own spirited language; but I feel that had it been possible for me to have seen and heard him, the narrative as taken down from his lips might have been, not, I believe, more correct as to facts, but perhaps more graphic and life-like as to detail.

Still, I am convinced that the simple account of his adventures, his sufferings, his unquenchable spirit, and the manner in which he sustained and did honor to the reputation of our American seamen, amid dangers before which the bravest might shrink, cannot be without its interest to his countrymen, and especially to those of his profession; while every American must feel that his services to the Chilian government were received by them without even an acknowledgement of their value; his just and legal claims being re-

fused almost with contumely. Had captain Brown's demand for salvage on the treasure rescued by him been backed by the presence of an American frigate, commanded by such a man as captain Ingraham, we should not have seen the British admiral allowed to carry it off from under the eyes of the Chilian authorities, while they feared to serve the process of detainer issued according to the law of the country; nor should we have seen an American citizen brow-beaten by an English officer, while in the discharge of his duty to his owners and to the government in whose employ he was sailing. An American frigate would have taught captain Stewart that no orders from the Chilian government could give him power to seize a vessel sailing under the American flag, commanded by an American citizen.

Such outrages and such injustice to our citizens will never occur when that can be said of the American navy, which one of our own authors has lately said so well of the British. "An English man-of-war seems to be always within one day's sail of every where. Let political agitation break out in any port on the globe, if there be even a roll of English broadcloth or a pound of English tea, to be endangered thereby, within forty-eight hours an English steamer or frigate is pretty sure to drop anchor in the harbor with an air which seems to say, 'here I am; does any body want any thing of me?'"*

* Six months in Italy. By George S. Hillard.

Our country should be the guardian of her children, wherever the rights of civilized society are respected, that our citizens may be in danger of outrage and injustice only among savages and outlaws; and we may be assured that in such extremities, they will, for the most part, like captain Brown, be found fully able to protect themselves.

To return to my preface or apology: in offering this narrative to the public, let me repeat my assurance, that captain Brown is answerable only for the facts; for whatever literary defects there may be, I alone am responsible.

E. H. APPLETON.

Cincinnati.

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C H A P T E R I .

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INSURRECTION AT MAGELLAN.

CHAPTER I.

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IN the latter part of October, 1851, I was at the port of Valparaiso, Chili, having command of the barque Florida, of New Orleans, of about two hundred tons burden. My orders from my owners were to take the Florida through the Straits of Magellan to Rio Janeiro, where we were to take in freight for

the United States ; and my first business was to secure my officers and crew. One of my owners was now at Valparaiso, and would accompany me on the voyage.

To a sea-faring man like myself, such a voyage was no new thing, and I looked forward with some interest, but with no excitement, to the prospect of many days' tiresome battling with the wind and waves, to the annoyances of clearing, and to the perils and labors of a tedious navigation through the Straits. Had I known what perils and sufferings awaited me, with what different feelings should I have left the beautiful city where I had received much kindness and hospitality, and trusted myself to the treacherous elements, and to men far more treacherous than they ! But, happily, Providence has given to us only

a knowledge of the present, and the blessing of hope for the future, without any foreshadowing of coming evil.

The barque Florida was a long, low, straight-built vessel, and a fast sailer. She had been employed formerly in sailing between Panama and San Francisco, conveying passengers to and fro, and was well fitted up for that purpose, with a large cabin, extending as far forward as her mainmast, and fourteen well furnished state rooms. She was also furnished with four brass cannon, four pounders, and one iron swivel mounted forward. Her owners were Capt. John Lovett, of Beverly, Mass., and his brother-in-law, Mr. Benjamin G. Shaw; Mr. Shaw being the principal owner. On board of her were Mr. Shaw, the owner, and one cabin passenger, Mr. Ramon Buela, belonging to New Orleans.

The vessel having at that time no cargo, we were applied to by the government of Chili, to convey certain State prisoners, charged with political offences, to the penal colony established by that government at Sandy Bay, Straits of Magellan. This was at the time when the Chilians, disaffected to the government at Santiago, had risen, under General Cruz, and had seized the Province of Concepcion; and the political offenders whom we were to convey to Sandy Bay, were, some of them, implicated in that rebellion.

After some consideration, Mr. Shaw determined to accept the offer of the government, and to allow it to charter the *Florida* for the conveyance of the prisoners to Sandy Bay, where we were to leave them, and proceed on our voyage. The authorities were to send

with the prisoners a sufficient number of troops to secure us against any disturbance during the voyage, and accordingly, Captain Pedro Avalos, with a corporal and twelve soldiers were drafted on that service.

On the morning of October 30, I took command of the vessel, with the intention of getting her ready for sea the same evening, that I might be prepared to receive the prisoners, who were to be sent on board of her the same night. By hard work on my part, and plenty of pushing up my men, we were all ready by night, and at eleven o'clock, P. M., the prisoners began to come on board.

Hard featured, desperate looking men, some of them were, with the downcast, heavy look of criminals. Men were among them who had set law at defiance,

whose hands had been against every man, and in whose hearts the kindly affections had long been deadened; and I felt as I looked at their countenances, made, perhaps, more repulsive to me by the dark, foreign cast of features which my early education and prejudices had taught me to associate with men of desperate fortunes, that there was no easy task before me. There were, however, among them men of high rank, who, for having joined in one of those political struggles which so constantly shake the South American Republics, were now condemned to a long imprisonment on the savage shores of Patagonia, in the society of convicts and felons of the worst kind; some sentenced for a tedious term of three years, some doomed to a life-long imprisonment.

On the evening of Sunday, November

3d, I received a notice from Commodore R. Simpson, acting Intendente of Valparaiso, by the captain of the port, that all the prisoners were now on board, the notice being accompanied by an order for me to proceed to sea at once, without any further communication with the shore. The Intendente evidently feared the escape of some of our prisoners, or perhaps some communication between them and their political associates,

The evening being calm, the sea breeze having died away, and no appearance of the land breeze springing up, I asked the captain of the port, to whom the regulation of all the shipping in the harbor belongs, for the assistance of two boats from the Chilian man-of-war which was lying in the harbor at the time, to tow my vessel out to sea. They were sent, and assisted us till midnight, when

a land breeze springing up, they left us, and returned to the harbor.

I had made every preparation to insure order and security during the voyage, had mounted two of the four pounders upon the poop deck, pointing forward so as to rake the whole deck, and kept them constantly loaded. The prisoners, about eighty in number, were put into the hold of the vessel, and were only allowed to come on deck for air and refreshment, in small detachments. A sentinel was stationed at the gangway, and the deck was constantly guarded by seven soldiers and half my crew. The crew consisted of eight men before the mast, part Americans and part foreigners, first and second mate, cook, and cabin boy. Mr. Shaw, Captain Avalos, Mr. Bucla, the first and second mates, and myself shared the cabin.

The wind continued light until the afternoon of Monday, the 4th, when a fresh breeze sprung up from the southwest, right ahead: which head wind and rough sea continued through the first part of our voyage. Our little vessel was a fast sailer, but with these obstacles in our way, we made but slow progress, and our passengers began to feel the tediousness of a sea voyage. For my part, my responsibility was too heavy, and my avocations somewhat too numerous, for time to hang heavily upon my hands, for my officers were neither very efficient or entirely to be depended upon.

My anxieties and responsibilities were increased when we were some days out, by the sickness of Mr. Shaw, who was seized with a relapse of the Panama fever. My relation to Mr. Shaw was

something more than the mere business connection between the owner and master of a vessel. We had been thrown together very closely, and I had always found him ready and prompt with advice and sympathy in every difficulty that might arise, and most considerate in all business arrangements. We were Americans, from the same State, away from our families and friends, and bound together by many common subjects of interest; subjects which grow in importance when men are far away from their homes. His sickness, where so little could be done for his comfort, was a source of considerable anxiety to me, and deprived me of almost all society, for Captain Avalos talked very little English.

We had been out about a fortnight, when, as Captain Avalos and myself

were sitting in the cabin, we were startled by word being brought from the sentinel at the gangway, that one of the prisoners had informed him that there had been a proposition among the prisoners to rise and take the vessel.

I sprang upon the deck and called up all hands, while Captain Avalos ordered up the soldiers who were not on duty. The soldiers were all under arms, and the captain proved himself soldier-like and efficient in any emergency; for his first order was, that in case of any disturbance among the prisoners, the first man that made his appearance was to be shot down. We waited in some anxiety, but all was quiet; then, ordering the soldiers and the crew to remain on their guard, Captain Avalos and myself went to the gangway and inquired into the cause of the alarm.

It seems that the proposition to take the vessel had been made by one of the prisoners,—one of those confined for political offences. His plan had probably been to run the vessel into land, and join General Cruz and the revolutionary party in the province of Concepcion; but few of the prisoners were ready to join him, and one of them had found an opportunity to communicate the design to the sentinel at the gangway.

We had no further difficulty, and I was glad that this little disturbance had occurred, as it gave me confidence in the promptitude and courage of my own crew, and in the presence of mind and soldier-like character of Captain Avalos.

On the morning of November 24th, the weather was thick and foggy, and the running became difficult. I run till about eleven o'clock, and then, judging

myself near the western entrance of the Straits, I hove the main-top-sail aback, waiting for clear weather, so that I could see land. At twelve, the sun came out, clear and glorious, and I found myself within ten miles of the entrance, Cape Pillar bearing east from us. Mr. Shaw and myself congratulated each other on being near the end of the disagreeable part of our voyage, for there was something repugnant to us, in the idea of standing jailors, as it were, to men for some of whom our sympathies were enlisted; for the freedom of our political institutions makes the idea of imprisonment for political offences repulsive to an American; and, indeed, no free man likes to stand jailor to another, be his offences what they may.

We were, however, not so near our destination as we supposed, for the

weather continued very much against us. I put the vessel before the wind, intending that afternoon to anchor in the harbor of Mercy, but on account of the thick, squally weather, I was unable to make the harbor, and ran past the entrance, which is so small that it may easily be overlooked. I was therefore obliged to run all night, and as the wind was blowing fresh, and the weather thick, I took in sail, and put her under double-reefed top-sails. At daylight on the morning of the 25th, I set all sail, and during the day we had a fine, pleasant breeze from the westward. In the evening, not being able to make a harbor, we hove-to, for the night, a short distance from Cape Froward, a high point of land within the Straits. These high lands I had learned to dread, as from off them, and out of the valley,

come fresh, fitful winds, called by the Indians "williwaws," blowing sometimes with such violence as to take the masts out of vessels. These williwaws give you no warning, when your vessel is near shore, and require constant watchfulness.

The morning of the 26th broke, however, with a light breeze from the west, under favor of which I run along the shore until noon, when the wind suddenly canted to the northward, and blew so fresh and hard that at 3, P. M., the main-top-sail split, and we were obliged to reef it. At six in the afternoon we were glad to drop anchor in Sandy Bay, and to give notice of our arrival by a salute of two guns, which was answered from the shore.

CHAPTER II.

Sandy Bay Colony — Governor Benjamin Numoz Gamero — Insurrection of Cambiaso — Forged Message from the Governor — Landing of Captain Avalos — Escape of Governor Gamero — Boat sent on shore — Return of the boat — Capture of the Florida — Mr. Shaw and myself seized — Taken on shore — Our imprisonment at the barracks — Privations — Mr. Shaw removed.

Sandy Bay Colony lies on the Patagonian side of the Straits of Magellan, on a level spot of ground which slopes down gently towards the water on the south-east. The settlement had formerly been made at Port Famine, at a short distance to the south-west of the present colony; but that situation was found to be very bleak, the site of the buildings being on a hill somewhat higher than the surrounding country, and exposed to

the sweep of the williwaws. The change had been made under the direction of Don Benjamin Numoz Gamero, governor of the colony, and the new site had been selected with great judgment. The land proved very fertile, being well fitted to raise all the crops which the short summers of that latitude will allow to come to maturity; and the governor had cleared a good deal of ground around the barracks, and laid out many gardens, which were cultivated by the convicts. A street ran in front of the barracks, towards the water, and on the slope of the shore were some very good houses. These houses were made of boards that had been sawed from logs by the convicts. They used hand-saws, and usually sawed about twelve or fourteen boards a day.

As I looked towards the shore from

the vessel, as the sun went down, on the evening of the 26th, there was all around the quiet and peace of early summer, and the barracks shone out with the neatness that belongs to all buildings for military purposes. How little did I guess the violence and mutiny that were going on within!

There had been an insurrection in the colony about five days before, headed by one Cambiaso, second lieutenant of the troops stationed there; who, as I learned afterwards, had committed some offence and been imprisoned a short time before, by the order of the governor. At his liberation, he had declared that he would have his revenge, and I have some reason to suppose that he was instigated to seize the place by some of the political offenders confined there, who were adherents of General Cruz, and who still

held some communication with the revolutionists in the province of Concepcion. Cambiaso had been joined by most of the convicts and prisoners. This attack on the troops had been successful, but the governor, priest, some soldiers, and one woman, a wife of one of the soldiers, had escaped outside of the fort, and were then hiding in the woods. Cambiaso was in possession of the fort when we anchored in the bay, but of this, of course, I knew nothing.

Early in the evening, indeed as soon as it was dark, a boat put off from shore and came alongside, with five men in her, bearing a letter purporting to be from the governor of the colony, and signed Numoz Gamero, desiring me to keep the prisoners on board until the next day, when I should receive assistance from the shore, in landing them.

I showed the letter to captain Avalos, who, tired of his confinement on ship board, determined to go on shore for the night, taking with him some twelve prisoners in the boat which had been sent from the land, and leaving the remainder of the prisoners and the troops under my charge.

About twelve at night, I was aroused by the firing of cannon from the shore, and I sprung upon deck, but I found all quiet in the vessel. In a few moments, however, the watch gave the alarm that a boat was coming near us, and crying for assistance. The wind blew so very fresh that it was impossible to hear what was said from the boat, (the voices being blown away from us,) but I conjectured that the prisoners who were landed the evening before, and about whose security I had some

doubts, had made their escape from captain Avalos, and had probably stolen a boat and were trying to get on board, where, with the assistance of the other prisoners, they could seize the vessel and make their escape. I immediately ordered a gun to be fired in answer to those from the shore, to show that we were on the lookout, and then had the larboard quarter boat lowered away and sent her out with five men, armed with cutlasses, with orders to seize the shore boat.

After being gone for a whole hour, they returned, saying that they had not been able to find her. Soon after, the noise of firing from the shore ceased. In the boat were the governor, priest, some soldiers, and a woman, who had escaped from the barracks, and, seizing a boat, had put off, in hopes to reach

me and warn me of the insurrection on shore. Having but one oar, however, and the wind blowing very fresh, they were unable to make the vessel, but drifted across the Straits and attempted to land on the Terra del Fuego side.

As soon as captain Avalos reached the barracks, he was seized, his papers taken from him, the prisoners who landed with him set at liberty, and himself put into double irons and thrust into a calaboose, as the buildings for confining the soldiers are called. During the evening, he could hear the prisoners whom he had brought on shore, in the full enjoyment of a drunken frolic. He told me afterwards that no answer was made to his inquiries as to the reason of his seizure, but that he obtained some idea of what was the real state of the colony, by overhearing the con-

versation of the drunken prisoners. Late in the evening, the door of the calaboose was opened, and five men, double ironed, were thrust into the room. These, he found, were the Secretary of the colony, a Brazilian by birth, the captain and first lieutenant of the troops of the colony, the apothecary, and governor's steward.

The escape of governor Gamero had been discovered by Cambiaso, and these men were thrust into the calaboose with captain Avalos, a guard of eighteen men stationed on the outside, with lighted torches in their hands, and with orders to set fire to the four corners of the building, and burn them alive, in case the Florida made her escape during the night. But the morning came, and the Florida, fortunately for them if not for us, was still at anchor. It would be

inquiring somewhat too curiously of weak human nature, to ask if the prisoners felt any thing but joy at hearing of our fatal security. Captain Avalos and Mr. Dunn (the secretary) told me afterwards, that during the night their guards were cursing their tiresome watch, and wondering why Cambiaso did not shoot them at once, or burn them, without waiting to know the result of the governor's escape. But Cambiaso was not so daring a villain as not always to remember the possibility of the re-taking of the fort.

Early in the morning of the 27th, I sent my boat on shore, with the first mate, Mr. Buela, the passenger, (he understanding Spanish,) three seamen, and one soldier, with orders to bring off captain Avalos, and to obtain from the governor orders with regard to the land-

ing of the rest of the prisoners. These also were seized the moment they arrived at the barracks, and thrust into a little building about six feet square.

The firing and disturbance during the night had roused some sense of uneasiness in my mind, lest all should not be right on shore; and early in the morning I had gone into the cabin to consult with Mr. Shaw. He was then quite unwell, and most anxious to reach the shore, where he supposed he would be able to obtain medical advice; while I hoped to land all the prisoners during the day, and be able to proceed that afternoon on our way to Rio Janeiro.

We waited very anxiously, therefore, for the return of the boat, and at about nine o'clock she came alongside, but to my surprise, manned with six or seven men dressed as officers, who handed me

a letter purporting to be from governor Gamero, stating that my men were drunk, and not able to row the boat back to the ship. The letter also requested me to commence landing the prisoners. All this seemed to me very singular. I had never seen any disposition to drunkenness among my crew, and even if the seamen had been incapable of returning in the boat, the first mate and captain Avalos would have been on board of her. I went into the cabin, and, holding out the letter to Mr. Shaw, said "Depend upon it, there is something wrong here. My men are not drunk, and if they are, where are Mr. P——n and captain Avalos?" While I was speaking, a voice was heard on deck, the cabin door was burst open, and four of the officers rushed in, two of them with drawn swords. Mr. Shaw, who was

sitting down, was seized at once. One of the officers struck at me with his sword, but his arm was caught by one of the prisoners, who rushed between us. In a few minutes I was secured, in spite of my struggles, and we were told that we were prisoners. I asked to whom, and by whose authority we were taken, but to this I received no answer. We were carried on deck, and I found that the prisoners had been freed. The struggle with the troops and the crew was still going on, but as the prisoners rushed up from the hold, it became every moment more unequal. The prisoners being unarmed, wrested the guns from the hands of the soldiers, and overpowered them by force of numbers. As I came on deck, the corporal called out that he would not give up his gun unless I ordered him to, for it seems

the guns had at first been demanded of the soldiers by the officers who came from the shore, and in the confusion some of them had given them up. As the corporal called to me, three of the officers threw themselves upon him, and after a long struggle he was disarmed, and put in irons. The whole attack was so unexpected, the rush of the prisoners from the hold so overwhelming, and the confusion so great, that I do not wonder that the soldiers and crew were overpowered.

Preparations were soon made for sending Mr. Shaw and myself on shore, and a sufficient guard was detached to accompany us in the boat. While rowing to the shore, our captors were continually firing off their muskets, with shouts of "Viva la Cruz!" These cries gave me the first clear idea of what had

happened in the colony, for they were the same which had met my ear during the insurrection, (previous to my leaving Valparaiso,) of which struggle I had been a witness. On leaving, we were met by several soldiers on foot and horseback, one of whom seemed to be of some authority. This was Garcia, one of the officers in the service of the governor, Gamero, who had joined Cambiaso in his revolt, being compelled to do so, as he afterwards pleaded, by fear of his life. However that may be, I certainly found him much more gentle and humane in his actions and expressions than Cambiaso, and was indebted to him for several kindnesses. From him I gained the first idea of what had occurred in the colony.

As we left the boat, I noticed Mr. Shaw's extreme weakness, and feared

that if we were to be taken far from the shore, he would not be able to stand the fatigue. I therefore appealed to general Garcia, as I afterwards learned to call him, and, calling his attention to Mr. Shaw's state of health, asked him if some arrangement could not be made by which he could ride. Garcia ordered one of his soldiers to dismount, and Mr. Shaw took his place. We were taken up the slope from the water, towards the barracks, and passing by the platform, under the mouths of the cannon which were mounted upon it, entered the great gate of the fortification. As I looked around, military preparations met my eye on every side, but there was none of the order of a regular garrison; on the contrary, the shouts of drunken rioters, the quarrelling and swearing of the soldiers, the shrill

screams of the women which struck my ear, gave me a tolerably correct idea of the sort of people into whose hands we had fallen. Conspicuous among them all, was their leader, Cambiaso, who cast contemptuous glances upon us as we passed, and who might be heard giving his orders, mixed with oaths and threats of punishment and death to those who did not obey him implicitly. He let us pass on, however, without addressing us, and it was only from his officer's dress and authoritative manner that we were able to guess at his rank.

Very little time, however, was given us for observation; for we were hurried across the open space, and thrust into one of the largest buildings used as barracks. My crew, the remainder of whom were brought away from the vessel at the same time with Mr. Shaw and

myself, were put into one of the smallest of the barracks, where they, with Mr. Buena, were confined in a room about six feet square, which was so crowded that they were obliged to take turns in lying down to rest. Mr. Shaw and myself were at first put into the same apartment, but we were not allowed to speak to each other; several soldiers standing guard over us the whole time. In about two hours, however, I was taken from this room, and put into a smaller one adjoining it. The apartment into which both Mr. Shaw's room and mine opened, was occupied by our guard, who ate and slept there, and who forbade all intercourse between us.

I looked around the room, which I felt would be my prison until I was led out to death, for I knew now into what hands we had fallen; and, on my way

up from the shore to the barracks, had been threatened with death if I did not at once inform them what treasure I had on board the Florida; and on my saying there was none, one of the officers said "he would soon find a way to make me find some."

The room was without a floor, with a board nailed to the wall, looking like a shelf, but serving for a seat; the table was a board, supported by sticks driven into the ground; and these, with my mattrass, formed the furniture. I had with me a small pocket looking glass about the size of my hand, and the miniatures of my wife and children, which I managed to hide within my shirt bosom. I had also in my pocket a pencil and a small piece of paper, which I used for the purpose of keeping my dates. My guards, however, always

came and watched me when they saw me writing, and at last told me I must desist, as some harm might come of it. After this, I put down my dates when I was unobserved. This was not often. For the next two days I was near starving, nothing being given me to eat, except two ship biscuit, or "hard bread," as we sailors call them; and my only drink was the water which I helped myself to from the guard room.

On the morning of the 29th, two days after our capture, I was taken out by my guard, for a walk around the yard and on the platform which ran along the west side of the fort, and on which the cannon were mounted. I made the best use of my eyes and ears during my walk, and managed to speak to one or two of the prisoners who had been on the Florida with me, and whom I

had made some acquaintance with during the voyage. It was by these prisoners that I was afterwards kept informed of what occurred outside of my prison. They would talk to me during my walks, and sometimes would come to my window and tell me what had occurred; sometimes in bravado, and with great exultation, and sometimes with expressions of sympathy.

On returning from my walk, I met Mr. Shaw, leaving his room with his guard by his side; taken out, I supposed, for a similar purpose. I saw he was not looking well, and spoke to him, saying, "how do you feel this morning?" His answer was, "pretty miserable;" and he seemed about to say something more, but my guard pushed between us, saying, with an oath, "We can't have any talking, captain; we have the gen-

eral's orders against it." I was hurried into my room, and Mr. Shaw led away. This was the last time I ever saw him; for, for some reason which I never could learn, he was not brought back to the barracks, but confined in a building outside the fortification. It seemed to me, that with the sense of his nearness to me, I had lost my last friend; so lonely and miserable did I feel when he had left.

CHAPTER III.

My prison—My guards—An English hymn book—A fellow prisoner—Capture of the Eliza Cornish—Fears of the English mate—Death of Mr. Shaw—Of Captain Talbot and boy—Barbarity of their execution—The Chilian prisoners sympathize with us—Cambiaso's bravado—Captain Avalos and others led out to view the dead bodies—Treacherous betrayal of Governor Gamero—Execution of the traitor—My walk.

I now began to feel for a few days, some of the monotony of a prisoner's life. Shut up alone, without occupation, within hearing of the riotous conversation of my guard, but forbidden to speak to them, with hard fare, and no arrangements for my personal comfort or even cleanliness, except when I could take water enough from the guard room

to wash my face, using my pocket handkerchief for a towel.

Three or four days had passed, and I had lost the fear of immediate death, but my suspense and anxiety to know what Cambiaso's intentions with regard to us were, were very great. There seemed to me no motive that he could have for keeping us prisoners, after he had satisfied himself that we had no treasure on board the Florida, except the fear that we would carry the news of his revolt back to Valparaiso; and that danger to himself, it seemed to me, could be obviated only by putting us to death. It was in vain that I applied to my guards; they were evidently under orders to hold no communication with me, and the prisoners who visited me from time to time, knew nothing of Cambiaso's plans. To my entreaties to

be allowed to see Mr. Shaw, no answer was given, except that it could not be allowed, that he had been sick, and was now very unwell.

A few days after my imprisonment, an English book, containing prayers and hymns, was handed me by one of my guard, a man named Preto, who probably could make no use of it himself. The hymns had little poetical merit, and probably at another time would scarcely have aroused my attention ; but now the promises and consolations of religion which breathed through them, the spirit of Christian resignation and faith of which I was then so much in need, and which to me shone out in every part of them, were an unspeakable comfort. The first hymn to which I opened, seemed so very applicable to my situation, that it impressed itself upon my memory ;

and I insert it here, thinking that it may be interesting to my readers to see how the promises of Christianity are the truest consolation in all trials.

To my complaint, O Lord, my God,
 Thy gracious ear incline ;
 Hear me, distressed and destitute
 Of all relief but thine.

Do thou, O God, preserve my soul
 That does thy name adore ;
 Thy servant keep, and him whose trust
 Relies on thee, restore.

To me, who daily thee invoke,
 Thy mercy, Lord, extend ;
 Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
 On thee alone depend.

To my repeated, humble prayer,
 O Lord, attentive be ;
 When troubled, I on thee will call,
 For thou wilt answer me.

Some few days after Mr. Shaw's removal from the barracks, one evening, the exact date of which has escaped me

entirely, I was aroused by a great confusion in the fort, a noise of shouting, and, apparently, of rejoicing. While I was standing at my window, trying to discover the meaning of the uproar, my prison door was opened, and a man put in. He was in sailor's dress, was apparently an American, and looked terrified and bewildered.

I accosted him immediately, in English—asked who he was, saying that he was probably a prisoner, like myself. The guards in the next room were in such a state of excitement that they allowed us to converse unchecked.

He told me that he was the mate of an English brig, the *Eliza Cornish*, of Liverpool, bound from Valparaiso to Liverpool; that the vessel had anchored in Sandy Bay, intending to lay over for the night; that the captain, Capt. Talbot,

of Liverpool, had landed in the brig's boat, with a boy, a son of his owner, who was passenger on board, and one or two seamen; that they had been seized and put in irons the moment they were out of sight of the brig. The boat was then sent back to the vessel, with five or six men in her, who came on board and told the mate that the captain wanted him to come on shore; but that while he was hesitating what to do, they, seeing the small number of the crew, attacked and overpowered them, and took possession of the brig. They then demanded of him whatever money was on board, threatening him with instant death if he did not give it up at once. The brig had on board about ninety or one hundred thousand dollars, in bars of gold and silver, which they seized and brought

on shore, together with the mate and crew. Some of the bars of gold were cut up before his eyes, and distributed around among the soldiers; and their exultation at the sight of their booty had raised the general shout which I had heard. This man was kept in my room during all the rest of our imprisonment. He was a well meaning fellow, but evidently not much accustomed to depend upon himself, and very much intimidated by the dread of approaching death, by these rebels. I constantly found it necessary to encourage him, and prevail upon him to show a bold face before our captors, were it only to command their respect. For myself, I was not really much afraid of them. I was afraid of dying, for my danger made me realize how unfit I was for another world; and my dread of death

was such as a man might have during a dangerous illness.

At midnight, on December 2d, I was aroused from my sleep by the report of muskets, of which they seemed to me to number about ten or twelve. A short time afterwards there was another report, and our guards began to run out of the next room. The whole encampment seemed in great confusion, and I became alarmed, thinking some of our companions had been shot, and that our turn was coming next. I dared not ask any questions of the guard, some of whom I saw looking through the door of our room, which always stood open at night. The mate of the E. Cornish spoke to me, and said, "That is foul play, captain Brown; something desperate is going on. I am afraid my captain and Mr. Shaw are gone for it." Then,

throwing himself upon his face, he began to cry.

His manner gave me a feeling of impatience, and I answered him pretty quickly that I did not doubt he was right, and that I supposed our turn would come next, but I did not want to hear the thing talked about; and at any rate, he might as well show as bold a face as possible, for the guard were watching us, and listening to our conversation. This roused him, and he sat up, and during the rest of the night we remained in anxious suspense. I believe I was too proud to ask any questions of my guard, nor would I allow the mate to ask any.

Soon after sunrise, some of the men who had come down with me as prisoners, came into our room and whispered to me in Spanish, "Your poor

owner ! poor English captain ! poor English boy !” I questioned them closely, and learned that Mr. Shaw and captain Talbot, with the young passenger, had been taken from their beds just before midnight, put in irons, both hands and feet, led out to a short distance from the barracks, and there tied to a tree, and shot. I afterwards gathered some particulars of their execution, which, for the sake of clearness, I will insert here.

Mr. Shaw had been very sick ever since we were separated; and I was told that on the 2d December he sent to Cambiaso, to ask if he might have some medical advice. Cambiaso's brutal reply was, “Pass him out and shoot him, for we have no time to attend to the sick !” When they were led out, captain Talbot entreated most earnestly that the boy's

life might be spared, saying that he had been put under his care by his parents, that he was a mere boy, and could do no harm; but his prayers were not even listened to. He never asked once for his own life. The boy was about eighteen years old, a son of one of the owners of the E. Cornish, and had made the voyage as a pleasure excursion.

The first volley killed captain Talbot and the young man, leaving Mr. Shaw standing unharmed, not a shot having touched him. Then a whole volley was fired into him, killing him instantly. One of the soldiers was attracted by the glitter of a diamond ring on Mr. Shaw's finger, and as soon as he was shot, the soldier went up to him, trying to remove it; but finding that difficult, he cut off the finger with his cutlass. This ring I afterwards heard of, as

being seen on the finger of one of the women about the fort, and on my return to Valparaiso, I offered twenty-five dollars to recover it, thinking it would be a gratification to Mr. Shaw's friends to obtain even so slight a remembrance of him, but I was not able to procure it. The bodies were afterwards taken down and hung by the neck to a tree, exposed to all the passers by.

I never knew why Mr. Shaw was shot, but I have every reason to suppose that what I was told of Cambiaso's reply to his request for medical advice was the truth. It would have been too much trouble to take care of a sick man. The same fear of trouble probably decided the poor boy's fate. Why captain Talbot was executed, while I was reserved, is also a mystery to me. I never saw captain Talbot, but from his mate's re-

marks about him, I felt that he was a man of some spirit and character. Perhaps his high spirit led him to say things that exasperated Cambiaso. He gave some expression of this spirit at the time he was seized. Two officers (Chilians,) were handling him rather roughly, when he indignantly told them they need not look so surly, and at the same time drew a dirk knife from the waist of his pantaloons. But it was immediately taken from him.

Mr. Shaw's death was a great shock to me, and is still a matter of deep grief. We had been friends for some time, and I had the highest respect for him. He was indeed a young man of great promise, and his loss to his family and friends is one which cannot easily be replaced. I grieved for them, even there in my prison, while I ex-

pected each day to be my last, and while I remembered the agony of my own family, when the news of our sad fate should reach them; and now that a kind Providence has restored me to them, I grieve to remember him who met so cruel a death from such barbarous hands, on a desert and far distant shore.

I was told by one of the men who came into my cell that morning, that the bodies were to be left hanging until we had all seen them. Accordingly, about one o'clock that afternoon, three of the prisoners (I think they were captain Avalos, with the captain of the regular troops, and Mr. Dunn,) were taken from their prison, their irons knocked off, and, when they were unshackled, Cambiaso walked up to them, and with much mock politeness asked

them to accompany him for a walk. They were in no situation to refuse, but accompanied him in silence, followed by a file of soldiers as guard. He led them out of the barracks, toward the vessels. As they passed under the trees on which hung the bodies of Mr. Shaw, captain Talbot, and the young lad, Cambiaso pointed to them, and laughing, said, "You see what happens to such villains when they fall into my hands; it will be your turn next." After compelling them to pass round the tree, so as to view the bodies from every side, he conducted them back to the barracks and to their crowded prison.

The mate of the E. Cornish and myself spent that morning in a state of anxiety, expecting every moment to be called for—perhaps to be led out to death, perhaps to be shown the dead

bodies of our friends, and to be conscious that any emotion we might show would be watched by eyes that would interpret it into an expression of unmanly fear. My feeling was a sort of indignant pride; my own honor and the honor of my country seemed to me to depend upon my bearing before these pirates and desperate men; and I repeatedly requested the mate, whose power of self control I began to doubt, to be bold, whatever might happen to him. I remember thinking that if he did not, all around him would attribute it to a cowardly disposition. Towards three o'clock we heard the report of fire-arms, and a general hurry and bustle in the yard. At the report, the mate sprung to his feet, saying, "Good God, captain! who has gone now?" We listened anxiously, but all was quiet again, and

I ventured to ask our guard what the disturbance was. They answered, carelessly, "it is only a soldier who was shot; he is a traitor." In about two hours my guard called me out, saying that the mate and I were to walk in the yard. I refused, at first, telling them that I did not need a walk, I was well enough as I was, and so forth; but one of the soldiers, with an oath, exclaimed that they had the general's orders, and that I had better come, or worse might happen to me. I rose, and walked out quietly with the mate. The first thing that struck my eyes, as I reached the door of the guard room, was a temporary gallows, on which was suspended the body of a poor soldier. Near it was a tree, the bark of which was torn with bullet-holes, and the ground below, which was

soaked with blood. I turned sick at the sight; but, summoning up all my resolution, I walked quietly up to the body, and asked who it was. One of my acquaintances, a Chilian prisoner who came with us, and who was sauntering around, walked up to my side, and said, "You need not feel pity for him, captain Brown; he was a traitor, not worth caring for. Our general has served him right."

I questioned the man further, and found that this was the body of one of the soldiers who had escaped from the barracks with the governor, and who, worn out by suffering and the fear of starvation, had appeared at the gate that morning, and delivered himself up, offering to give Cambiaso information of the governor's hiding place, if he would promise him safety, and the sum of five

hundred dollars. Cambiaso promised, and as soon as he had gained what he wanted from him, had him ironed, and led out and shot. I felt that he had deserved his fate, but remembering the proverb, "honor among thieves," could not but think that it was not at Cambiaso's hands that he should have met it.

His story was, that after the boat in which they had left the shore on the night the Florida arrived, had drifted past our vessel, and they had found it impossible to make us understand what they wanted, they drifted on through the night, paddling as well as they could till they reached the Terra del Fuego shore, soon after daylight. There they attempted to land, but were prevented by a party of Indians, who fired on them, and wounded one of the sol-

diers. The weather then being calm, they paddled to the westward, and crossed the Straits again to Port Famine, the former site of the colony. There they had concealed themselves in the bushes, and for the last week had been living on nothing but roots, and were now in a state of starvation.

All this I gathered from my guards and visitors, after I returned to my room from my walk, in company with the mate, although we had never expected to see it again.

CHAPTER IV.

Capture of the Governor—His execution—I am led out of my prison—The burning of the bodies—Governor Gamero's character—His intercourse with the native tribes—The Priest Acuna—Arrival of H. B. M. war steamer Virago—Mr. Dunn, the Secretary—Cambiaso plans the capture of the steamer—He fears her force and discipline—The officers invited on shore—No suspicions aroused—The Virago sets sail.

On the afternoon of the day of these executions, Cambiaso sent out two or three parties of soldiers, well armed, under one of the chief officers, and all on horseback, with directions to take the governor and his party, and bring them in, dead or alive. They had accurate information of their hiding place from the traitor, and by

surrounding the bushes, and gradually beating in, they succeeded in capturing them, and about sunset brought them in, and they were soon heavily ironed.

I heard that they were terribly emaciated, and scarcely able to stand, from weakness, having lived for nearly a week on nothing but roots and berries. Cambiaso ordered them to be served with a good dinner, saying that they should go with a belly-full, and then thrust them into the calaboose, where captain Avalos and the other prisoners were confined. Captain Avalos told me afterwards that neither the governor or the priest showed any signs of fear, but when he asked them if they knew their fate, they answered coolly, "Oh, yes!" Cambiaso seemed to intend to surround this execution with all the pomp and solemnity that he could command. About

nine, in the evening, there was a general rush through the camp. The bugles sounded the death march, the drums beat, the soldiers were all ordered under arms, and governor Gamero and the priest Acuna were led out of the barracks. All was still in the yard after they left, and in a short time I heard the report of their death shots. They were shot under the same trees to which Mr. Shaw and captain Talbot had been tied.

In about an hour I was called out of my room, and told that I was wanted in the yard. I went out doggedly, for this day of excitement had worn me down into a sort of indifference as to my fate; but the scene that lay before me when I reached the platform, which, raised above the rest of the yard, commanded a view of the land beyond the

fortification, roused me at once from my indifference. In the field north of the barracks, was dug a deep hole, in which a large fire was kindled, which threw its red light on all around. On the trees, to the right, hung the dead bodies of Mr. Shaw, captain Talbot, and the boy, and beneath them were dimly seen the bleeding corpses of the governor and priest. The rebels were busied around the fire and the bodies, and Cambiaso, with some mounted officers, were to be seen giving directions. Soon I saw a cart driven up to the fire, and a dead body thrown from it into the flames, with as little ceremony as one would treat a dog. One of my guard standing by me, said, "There goes the governor." The bodies of Mr. Shaw, captain Talbot, and the poor English boy were one by one cut down, and thrust into the fire.

The women of the camp had pleaded with Cambiaso to allow the body of the priest to be buried, and he, having perhaps some feelings of reverence for his sacred office, had allowed it to be given into their hands. More fuel was now heaped on the flames, and their lurid light showed me a scene which makes me shudder as I recall it.

The soldiers danced round the fire, singing the national hymn of Chili, and mingling with it shouts and curses, imprecations on the governor, and threats of vengeance against the remaining prisoners; especially against captain Salas, the commander of the troops under Gamero, and against captain Avalos, whose rank as an officer under the government of Chili seemed to be his only crime. The darkness of the night, the lurid glare of the flames, the fan-

tastic dancing of the soldiers, the mingled shouts and curses that met my ear, made every thing appear to me like some revelry in hell, where the souls of the damned make merry over their fellow sufferers. On this evening the barque's papers, also my private papers, were burnt, with shouts of joy.

I was kept on the platform until the flames had died down, when three cheers were given by the soldiers around the fire, and answered by those within the yard; and soon after, I was ordered back to my prison, to endure another night of anxiety.

The mate eagerly asked me what I thought was going to happen next, but I answered him shortly, and turned from him, for I felt the necessity of calming my mind, after such excitement.

That night I passed in close com-

munion with myself, strengthening my soul to meet whatever might be before me, and rousing my energies to seize every opportunity to escape from the hands of such blood-thirsty fiends. The morning found me calmer, and more full of energy and determination, than any moment since my captivity. If Cambiaso ordered me to be brought out on the platform in order to intimidate me, he did not know his man. The sight, instead of depressing me, roused in me a spirit of revenge, and determined me to retaliate the wrongs which I had seen inflicted on my friend.

Governor Gamero was a post captain in the Chilian army; his name, Benjamin Numoz Gamero. I afterwards heard him spoken of as a man of fine character, and of excellent judgment. Under his directions, the colony had

grown in prosperity and in discipline. He had built some very comfortable barracks for the soldiers, and some good houses for the officers. The convicts had been employed in clearing and cultivating the ground, and intercourse and trade with the Indians of the country had been encouraged.

The native tribes around the colony had always shown themselves friendly to the settlement; and, as I learnt, had been in the habit of coming down to the barracks about once a month, bringing with them game, and other articles, which they were anxious to exchange for flour, bread, and so forth. They generally formed themselves on a line, on the north side of the barracks, and the governor would range his troops upon the platform, above the fence, and put in their view the two cannon, the

noise of which they had often heard, and of which they had a superstitious dread. The chiefs would then come forward and meet the governor outside the fence, and arrange their terms of barter.

Of the clergyman, Acuna, I know but little. The reverence of the women of the colony for him, certainly speaks in his favor.

The morning of the 4th of December, while the mate and myself were eating our scanty allowance of hard bread, washed down by the water which we had taken from the dirty buckets in the guard room, a shout rose in the yard, "A steamer! a war steamer, with the English flag!" My heart leaped to my mouth, as I sprung to my feet, and the mate seemed to gather courage from the very sense of the vicinity of his country-

men, and from his confidence in the protection of his flag. One moment's glance showed me that even amidst their excitement, some of the guards were watching us from the other room; and managing to caution the mate by a glance, I endeavored to assume as natural an air as possible, listening and asking questions as if from mere curiosity. I gathered from the guard and from the idlers round the camp who flocked in, that Cambiaso had expressed his determination to attempt to capture the steamer; that the Chilian flag had been run up at the flag-staff, and a gun fired to attract the attention of the steamer, and induce them to come into the harbor and drop anchor. At last, she was seen to make for the harbor, and to be evidently making preparations to anchor. Her name, they told me, was the *Virago*.

During the last hour, the mate and myself had been forming a thousand plans by which we hoped to attract the attention of the officers or men of the steamer, when they landed, and warn them of their own danger, and of our situation; but our plans were quickly frustrated; for no sooner had the steamer come to anchor, than the mate and myself were hurriedly taken from our room, and led across the yard towards a smaller building. In vain I questioned those who were leading me, as to where I was going; my only answer was a hasty oath, and an order to be quiet. The door of the little calaboose was opened, and we were pushed into a room about eight feet square, and the bolts drawn behind us. Before me, sitting or lying on the floor, were six haggard looking men, heavily ironed. I spoke

to them in Spanish, but was answered by one of them in good English, who said, "You are the captain of the American barque?" I started with surprise, for I immediately thought him an American; and I saw that he was a gentleman, or something beyond a common sailor. And what American could be confined there, not belonging to the Florida? Could there have been another vessel captured by these pirates, of which I had heard nothing? "Who are you?" I eagerly asked; "are you an American? How came you in this wretched place?"

He answered that his name was Dunn, and that he was a Brazilian, who had been employed by governor Gamero as his secretary. That he had been seized by Cambiaso's orders, at the time of his insurrection, and confined in that filthy den ever since.

While he was speaking, one of our guard knocked on the door, and ordered silence, saying that he would shoot down the first one of us who troubled him again.

The next three hours we spent in anxious listening to what was going on without; Mr. Dunn and myself now and then exchanging a word in a whisper. Every attempt that we made to look from our little window was prevented by our guard, who stood closely gathered about both door and window, every now and then looking in upon us. Without, all was very still and orderly; no noisy rioting to be heard, nothing, save every now and then the tread of soldiers, or the usual noises attending the regular military duty of a barrack yard. We expected every moment to hear the noise of firing, or some shout of exulta-

tion, if the officers of the *Virago* were entrapped as we had been; but all was quiet.

Towards the middle of the afternoon, the English mate and myself were taken out, and conducted to our old prison. All was quiet in the yard, and as I glanced around, I saw no new faces, no change in the arrangement of the soldiers, no building guarded but those which I had been accustomed to recognize as prisons for my crew, the crew of the *E. Cornish*, and the room where captain Avalos, and the prisoners with him, were confined.

Arrived at our old home, the guard became more communicative, and told me that our prison had been changed to keep us out of sight of the English officers, who had come on shore, visited the barracks, and the *Florida*, and had

left the harbor without having their suspicions excited. This chance of escape was lost to us then. I felt very indignant at what seemed to me the unparalleled stupidity of the officers of the *Virago*, and yet it is very possible that had their suspicions been excited, we might all have fallen victims to the revengeful spirit of the rebels, before any thing could have been done for our rescue.

During that evening and the next day, I managed to extract from my guard and from one or two of my fellow voyagers, the Chilian prisoners, who had now become almost regular visitors to my room, an account of all that had occurred during the visit of the *Virago* to the colony.

On the steamer's casting anchor, Cambiaso had manifested a great desire to

capture her; probably expecting something of a prize on board of her, and perhaps wishing to have in his hands so powerful a vessel. He had called a meeting of his officers, to consult upon the most advisable plan to pursue, to accomplish the capture. The first plan proposed, was that which had been so successful in our case and that of the English brig: to seize the officers as they came on shore, and kill them at once, to avoid the necessity of employing men to guard them; then to board the steamer and take her, having first enticed away as many of the officers and crew as possible. The sight of the big guns, which showed their teeth all along the side of the steamer; their knowledge of the excellent discipline on board a British man-of-war; of the capability of even the smallest midshipman

to take command of the crew in case of the absence of the superior officers, all deterred the pirates from attempting this plan of capture.

The difficulties in the way of the capture were, I heard, discussed very freely; general Garcia being most earnest in insisting upon them. The chief, or rather the first difficulty suggested by him, was that the officers might come on shore so well attended that a fight might be necessary, to overcome them; and that the noise of the struggle might excite the suspicions of those on board, when the whole colony would be at the mercy of the guns of the *Virago*. This plan was put to the vote among the officers, and after voting upon it nine times, it was rejected. Once, I was told, it came within one vote of being accepted.

The next proposition was worthy of the blood-thirsty wretches. It was that such officers should be invited to dine with Cambiaso, he supporting the character of governor of the colony; and that poison should be mingled with some of the dishes of which the officers were to partake; but this plan also was rejected. The rebels must have felt that it was too uncertain, even if human nature did not make them feel something revolting in it. It was then proposed that some of the officers of Cambiaso should be sent on board the steamer, with an invitation to the captain to land, and that they should, on their return, report the appearance of things. This was agreed to, and the spies were sent; but their report of the order and discipline on board, the well manned guns, the well drilled marines, deter-

mined Cambiaso to give up all hopes of capturing the vessel, and to confine himself to attempting to elude suspicion. The officers of the *Virago* landed, and were shown through the fortification and the colony, Cambiaso attending them. I was told that one of the prisoners, Mr. Dunn, who talked both English and Spanish, was taken from his prison, and after being threatened with instant death if he revealed the true state of things, was employed to interpret for Cambiaso; while at the same time two of the rebels who had some knowledge of English, were ordered to watch him, and report any thing which might sound suspicious.

The captain of the *Virago* asked what vessels those were lying at anchor. Cambiaso answered that they belonged to him; remarking that the brig had prisoners on board of her—some of the

convicts whom he had not the conveniences for keeping in close confinement on shore; and that as the vessel was only used as a prison, there would be nothing interesting to them in going on board of her.

The captain and officers afterwards visited the Florida, from which all my crew had been removed except the steward, a negro man, and on board which were living five or six of Cambiaso's followers. How the English officers could be so blind as not to read on the stern of the barque the name, "Florida, of New Orleans," and on the brig, "Eliza Cornish, of Liverpool," or not to have their suspicions excited, if they did read those names, is incomprehensible to me. It would seem that their own common sense would have told them that such a colony could not hold ves-

sels; or if it did, that the vessels would be Chilian—not American, or English. I was told that Cambiaso made the captain a present of eighty or ninety tons of coal, of which the *Virago* was in need; but I could not but think there must be some mistake about this. The coal was perhaps bought by the *Virago*. Surely, Her British Majesty's vessels do not accept such presents as that from the governor of a small penal colony, on the shores of Patagonia. So large a quantity of coal would be a very valuable gift in such a place as that, where all the fuel, except the brush-wood from the scrubby forests around, must be brought from abroad.

Cambiaso told the captain, whose name I afterwards learnt was Stewart, that several of his prisoners had escaped, and were now lurking about the woods

at Port Famine; and if, on the steamer's anchoring there to take in some of this coal, which lay on the shore, any of these prisoners should wish to be taken on board the *Virago*, he wished captain Stewart to order his men to drive them away, and to hold no communication with them. Some of the soldiers who escaped with the governor, had, it appears, never been re-taken, and Cambiaso feared their report to the English vessel.

It seems to me another instance of stupidity in captain Stewart, that he should have swallowed unsuspectingly this story of Cambiaso's. Would it not have been much more probable that Cambiaso would have asked their assistance in recapturing his prisoners, and requested the *Virago* to retain them until he could send for them? I could not but

feel that all these things, or indeed, half of them, would have been enough to have opened the eyes of even a moderately "cute" Yankee. But perhaps some allowance for my impatience at the blindness of the English officers is to be made, when we consider how much this chance of escape was to me, and how bitterly I lamented its loss.

My fellow prisoner and myself were sad enough during the rest of that evening, as we heard that the *Virago* had left Port Famine, and was now out of sight.

CHAPTER V.

We are better treated — Captain Avalos again — His privations — The sergeant shot — Mr. Bucla — Cambiaso's discipline — His code of laws — Personal appearance — His vanity — Threats of poison — Improved fare — The coffee — The mate secures the E. Cornish — Cambiaso and Garcia visit me — I go on board the Florida — My steward.

After the departure of the steamer, the severity of our imprisonment was very much relaxed. The prisoners were allowed to walk about every day, accompanied by a guard, and were even allowed some communication with each other. I saw captain Avalos again, and shook hands earnestly with him. He told me that he had thought that I had been shot with captain Talbot and Mr. Shaw. Captain Avalos had been con-

fined in the same building with captain Salas, and with the first lieutenant of the troops under Gamero, of whom Cambiaso had been second lieutenant. He told me that captain Salas had made several attempts to hold communication with some of the soldiers under his command, but that they had been strictly watched by Cambiaso, who feared treachery. One morning, before the execution of Mr. Shaw and the governor, a sergeant who had formerly been a convict, but had been promoted for good conduct was detected receiving a bottle of brandy from captain Salas, and was immediately seized, tried by a summary court martial, and put to death as a traitor, under the sanguinary code established by Cambiaso. After this, the officers in confinement had been more strictly watched, and forbidden to hold

any communication with the soldiers on duty.

Mr. Dunn, the secretary, I often met in my walks, and we generally managed to exchange a greeting, and to convey some information to each other in English, as we passed. Mr. Buela I also saw again at this time. He had suffered much privation, being confined in the same room of six feet square in which he was first put with my crew, where they were so crowded that they were obliged to stand up most of the time.

It was good policy in me to cultivate all friendly relations with my captors; and for this reason, I began, at this time, to mingle in their sports, at least as a spectator. In the evenings, the men and women would often collect under a large tent, and dance the Fandango, the so well known Spanish dance.

They danced it with handkerchiefs, waving them as each couple separated and retired to the right and left. One evening Cambiaso came up to me as I was standing by the tent ropes, and asked me to join the dance. I had no heart to do this, but pleaded in excuse my American ignorance of the figures. These evenings generally ended with a feast—a pig or calf barbecued.

One night's rude and cruel amusement I cannot even now think of without a shudder. All the dogs of the encampment were driven into a circle, and then chased with clubs. The cries of the poor frightened animals, the howlings of those who were knocked down, rang in my ears all night; and next morning their carcasses could be seen lying around on every side.

I also did my best, during my walks,

to keep up my friendly intercourse with the prisoners I had brought down to the Straits with me, and who had been allowed their liberty, on swearing allegiance to Cambiaso. Some of them were very friendly, and brought me such information as they thought would interest me. From them I learnt much of the discipline which Cambiaso had established, and of the sanguinary code of laws which he had drawn up.

Immediately after the escape of the governor, and the success of the insurrection, Cambiaso was proclaimed Commandante by the rebels. Afterwards his title was Major General, and Garcia's, General, or *little* general, as he was called by most of the soldiers, by way of distinction. On the same day, by order of Cambiaso, the hospital, chapel, with all the sacred vessels on the altar,

the house and robes of the priest, were burnt; Cambiaso declaring that he would have nothing to do with any religious rites. A red flag was hoisted, having upon it a scull and cross-bones, with the motto, "I give no quarter;" and upon it the soldiers and released convicts all swore fidelity. This flag I often saw raised in the colony, on parade days, during my imprisonment. I give below the code of laws, a copy of which I afterwards obtained at Valparaiso. Of its atrocity I need say nothing, as it speaks for itself.

MILITARY CRIMES,

AND THEIR CORRESPONDING PUNISHMENTS.

ARTICLE I.

Every inferior who speaks disrespectfully of his superior officer, shall be immediately shot.

ART. II.

Every inferior who should raise his hand against his superior officer, shall be immediately hung.

ART. III.

If an inferior strikes his superior officers, with or without arms, he shall be burnt alive.

ART. IV.

He who should be a traitor to the flag we have sworn, shall be cut in pieces, alive, and afterwards burnt.

ART. V.

He who is guilty of perjury, incurs the same punishment.

ART. VI.

He who communicates with the enemy, incurs the same punishment.

ART. VII.

He who speaks against the service, incurs the same punishment.

ART. VIII.

ROBBERY. He who steals any object, money, or any article whatsoever, shall be hung.

ART. IX.

WANT OF PUNCTUALITY. If any person in the military service, (no matter in what capacity,) be wanting in his duty, and does not present himself in the place and at the hour at which he has been ordered to appear, he shall be tried and shot.

ART. X.

COWARDICE. Every man who, for want of courage, flies from the enemy, shall be put to death by the bayonet; and

his eyes shall be taken out to prove the fact. The body of a coward shall be burnt.

ART. XI.

If any traitor be seized, his tongue shall be cut out, it being the instrument of his falsehood. He shall be burnt with a red hot iron, and he shall afterwards suffer the punishments he has incurred, according to Articles 4th, 5th, and 6th.

ART. XII.

Sentinels found asleep at their posts, shall be immediately hung; they being the only persons responsible for said post's security. Therefore, the sergeants are requested to visit the posts every ten minutes, for the observation of this article.

ART. XIII.

He who in battle gives quarter to an enemy, out of pity, or any other consideration, shall be immediately shot.

ART. XIV.

The officer, sergeant, or soldier who is not vigilant when on guard, shall be tried and shot.

ART. XV.

The infractor of any of these laws, if an officer, shall be hung ; if a soldier, shot.

ART. XVI.

All military persons are charged with the fulfilment of the preceding articles. This is particularly recommended to superior officers : and they are requested to inform their troops that want of information on this head will not excuse them from undergoing the punishments expressed.

ART. XVII.

He who should steal or hide (or abet another in so doing,) any powder, balls, or article of war, shall be burnt alive.

ART. XVIII.

He who in battle or on march should throw away the cartridges given him, desirous of not injuring the enemy, or of relieving himself of their weight, shall be cut in pieces alive, joint by joint, beginning in preference with the fingers of the right hand. His remains shall afterwards be burnt.

ART. XIX.

If, on arriving in any province, a *Montista* be discovered, his house shall be sacked, and the owner or tenant thereof shall be burnt in the said house.

ART. XX.

If any person in the troops under my command sells any article with usury, he shall receive one hundred lashes.

ART. XXI.

The chiefs of this division, desirous of preventing all fraud, prohibit, under pain of the gallows, any attempt to give money on gage, or with any kind of interest.

ART. XXII.

He who, from this time forward, should lend money on gage, shall lose all right to the gage given him; losing also what he gave on it, and receiving two hundred lashes in punishment.

ART. XXIII.

The sentinel or advanced post who on seeing the enemy approach, does not give the alarm, shall be cut in pieces

alive ; considering that from his omission great danger may arise.

ART. XXIV.

The chief, officer, sergeant, or soldier who shall not defend his post unto death, shall be burnt alive ; no excuse to be admitted on account of the greater force of the enemy, the bad state of the armament, or any thing else tending to cover his cowardice.

ART. XXV.

Any officer ordered to assault a post, shall take it, or lose his life in the attempt ; if he returns unsuccessful, though he have lost all his soldiers, he shall be immediately shot.

ART. XXVI.

If any sentinel gives the "*qui vive*," and does not receive in answer, "General

Cruz," he shall immediately fire at the person interrogated.

ART. XXVII.

This government, desirous that every individual shall preserve his money, and employ it for useful objects, prohibits all kinds of hazardous games; and if any is resorted to in order to while away time, it must be lottery, and without interest. He who infringes this article, shall be hung.

ART. XXVIII.

An ounce of gold shall be given to every body who gives information of the infringement of the preceding Article.

ART. XXIX.

Any sentinel who abandons the post committed to his care, shall be pinched

with red hot tongs until he expires. After this, his body shall be exposed publicly during eight days; after which it shall be burnt, and its ashes cast into the air.

Given in the camp of Punta Arena, December 13, 1851.

On reading over this code of laws and punishments, many proofs may be seen of either present or intended communication with the insurgents in the province of Concepcion, under general Cruz. Articles 18, 19, and 25 would indicate that Cambiaso had in contemplation a march through the country, to join his forces with those of the revolutionists. By "a Montista," is meant an adherent of the government at Santiago, under President Monté.

At this time, I very frequently saw

Cambiaso ; sometimes on horseback, surrounded by his aids ; sometimes walking on the parade ground. He rode well, and generally on a very spirited horse ; and always went armed with sword, dirk knife and pistol. His personal appearance was fine ; — an open forehead, a fair complexion, with a profusion of dark hair, an ample moustache, and heavy beard. His nose was aquiline, and his profile finely marked, and what an artist would call the coloring of his face, was admirable ; the bright red lips, fair forehead, and dark hair, softened down by the lighter colored beard and moustache, gave a beauty to his face that would have been a study for a painter. But his eyes revealed the evil passions hid under that fair exterior. They were long, and dark, and hid under their lashes, from beneath

which he cast sudden and covert glances. When he was talking to me, he never looked steadily at me, but after ending his remarks, would give me a sideway glance, as if marking the effect of what he said; and in that glance there was something to me stealthy and cat-like. After I observed this, I always took care, during our conversations, to look him directly in the eye, as if afraid I might lose a word, but in fact because I felt and knew that he could not endure any look, much less one so intently given.

From my observation of his character, I should not have called him a brave man. He was very vain, very fond of being admired, and often to gain the applause of his own men, would assume an air of bravado; and doubtless the same love of admiration would have led

him into daring acts ; but he talked too much of his valor, to impress me with any strong belief in it. He doubtless had the animal courage which belongs to an uneducated man, and one brought up in the profession of arms ; but I am convinced that in any situation calling for self reliance and presence of mind, his boasted courage would have failed him. But I am giving now rather the conclusions I drew from all I ever knew of him, than any opinion I could form at this time.

Cambiaso was a young man, not more than twenty-five or six years of age ; in person, rather thin than stout, and of not more than middle size. He was vain of his beauty, and fond of ornaments. The day after my capture, he sent word to me that he wanted my watch and chain. I handed them to

the officer who brought the message. The watch I never saw again; but the chain I sometimes recognized among the ornaments on Cambiaso's person.

Indeed, it was no uncommon thing for me to recognize my own pistols, cutlasses, and so forth, carried by the officers and guards who surrounded me. And I am conscious of a singular feeling of indignation,—or, to use a more accurate word, of impatience—which would cross my mind whenever I reflected that I might at any moment receive my death-wound from a stroke or a shot from one of my own weapons. At this time I was destitute of even a change of clothing; my trunks, with those of all my passengers, being left on board the Florida, and soon broken open and rifled of their contents, by Cambiaso and his men.

In my conversations with Cambiaso, which now occurred very frequently; I often begged permission to go on board my vessel, and be under guard there, knowing that some of his followers, with their wives, were living on board the Florida; but his answer constantly was, "No: I am making up my mind what to do with you all." At times he would threaten to shoot us at once; this was when he was made angry by reports of the trouble which the care of us gave. These threats were reported to me by the Chilian prisoners; but during his conversations with me, he never broke out into violent expressions, but seemed rather to keep a control over himself, as if to impress me with a sense of his self command.

A few days after the visit of the Virago, I was told that Cambiaso had

been heard to say that he had made up his mind to poison me. This seemed to me so idle a threat, when he had me so completely in his power, that it did not make much impression upon me, until I found that a great difference was made in our fare. We were allowed to eat with the guards in the outer apartment, instead of having our food brought to our own room; and the dishes put before us were much better than I had formerly seen served to the soldiers.

I told my suspicions to the mate, and we determined to taste only those dishes which we saw the soldiers eat of. This, however, it was difficult to do when any new dish was sent to us, for the guard being first served, would eat ravenously of the delicacy, and often leave nothing for us.

One morning, a cup of coffee was sent to me, and to me alone, from Cambiaso's own table. I put it down before me, and hesitated; for the conviction flashed across me that the poison was in this coffee; but looking up, I saw the eyes of all the soldiers and the mate fixed upon me. They had all heard of Cambiaso's threat, and probably the same idea was in their minds as in mine. Their fixed gaze roused my pride, and reflecting that I might as well drink it first as last, and indeed, that my death by Cambiaso's hands in one way or other was almost certain, I raised the cup and drank the coffee at one draught. No evil consequences followed, and from that time a cup was sent me every morning; but I never could divest myself of the idea that into some of them the poison would be put.

The weather throughout the time of our imprisonment had been very warm, but interrupted by heavy north-west winds, which swept from between the hills, and sometimes drove across the harbor. The E. Cornish and the Florida had been anchored by the rebels, with two anchors each; but this was done in a very unseamanlike manner, and in one of these high winds the E. Cornish began to drag her anchors. This was reported to me by some of the friendly Chilians, who had been on board, and I began to fear that we should lose the brig. Not that I had any definite idea of any succor which could arise to us from Cambiaso's retaining the vessels, but they seemed a tie between ourselves and our homes; and as long as they were safe, we had at least the means by which we could leave the place, in case

it was ever in our power so to do. I therefore advised the mate to send word to Cambiaso by one of his guards, that if he was allowed to go on board his vessel, he could remedy the difficulty; and at the same time I told all our visitors, who were quite plenty at this time, that they should use their influence with the general, to allow the mate to secure the brig for them.

Cambiaso immediately sent an order for the mate to be sent off to the E. Cornish in one of the shore boats, accompanied by three or four of his soldiers, as guards. This was in the evening; and after he left, I was visited by several of the officers, and at last by Cambiaso himself. I fancied I saw some anxiety amongst them, with regard to the mate's proceedings. They were so ignorant of all that pertained to

navigation, that I believe they thought it possible for one man to navigate a vessel by himself, and had some idea that the mate's request to go on board was part of a concerted plan between us, by which he could make his escape, and bring succor to the other prisoners. The next morning the wind shifted, and blew directly in shore very fresh, with a heavy sea. Cambiaso at once ran up a flag on the flag-staff, as a signal for the boat to return to shore. I was walking on the platform at the time, and saw her leave the vessel, with four men in her; but the distance was too great for me to distinguish whether or no the mate was among them. As the boat neared the shore, and got among the breakers, I could see that she was rowed very unsteadily, as if by landmen. Suddenly she was capsized, and

the men in the water. Three of the men struggled to the shore, but the fourth was drowned. He never rose after the first struggle. As the remainder came into the barracks, I pressed eagerly forward, to see if my fellow prisoner was with them, and learned that he had remained on the brig. The circumstance of his remaining, added to their half formed suspicions, and during the rest of that day, I was obliged to calm the hourly increasing excitement, by assuring each new visitor to my prison, that the mate was doubtless doing his best to make the brig hold to her anchors; that it was not yet safe for him to leave her, and so forth. That evening, to my great relief, he made his appearance, and I immediately gave him his cue as to what account he should give of his delay. I felt, however, that I had run

a great risk, which nothing but the strongest necessity should make me incur again.

During the third week in December, I had frequent visits from Cambiaso and Garcia, during which they questioned me very closely in regard to my knowledge of navigation, sometimes turning to the English mate, and comparing his answer with mine. They asked what I knew of the navigation of the Straits; and would often seem to be cross-examining me with regard to the lay of the shore, and the appearance of the headlands.

I took advantage of their visits, to beg for more indulgence to my crew, who were still shut up in the crowded place where they had first been put, and deprived of almost the necessaries of existence; but it was evident, from

Cambiaso's answers, that he had not yet determined what course to take with regard to us.

About the 20th of the month, I received permission from Cambiaso to go on board my vessel, and remain there; and on the same day my crew were released from their prison, and allowed to run at large in the yard, and cook for themselves. After my long confinement in the barracks, under the constant supervision of the guard, never allowed to eat or sleep without being watched, the Florida seemed like home to me, and the face of my steward like that of an old friend. He had been kept on board to cook for the men who were living in the Florida, at the head of whom was an officer by the name of Tapia, (the one who brought my first and second letters to me,) and

his wife. My steward had often asked for me while I was on shore, and Tapia would sometimes tease him, by telling him that I was shot or hung, that he would never see me again, and so forth; at which he would cry like a child; and when he saw me come on board, he danced and skipped around me with a true negro-like expression of delight.

I asked him if he wanted to stay in that country with those rebels and pirates. "No, massa; no, massa Captain," he replied, "I want to be with you; I feel safe while you are by me."

CHAPTER VI.

Comparative comfort — The American ensign — Christmas day — My visit to the barracks — The Indian boys — Cambiaso's rage — Execution of the Indian woman — The cattle slaughtered — Escape of the Indians — Fears of the rebels — Preparations for leaving — The Florida re-christened — Interview with Cambiaso — The embarking of the colonists — Prisoners sent to the Florida.

After my removal to the Florida, I made myself comparatively comfortable, with the help of my steward Tom, who seemed as if he could never do enough for me. I was allowed to take possession of my state-room, and found some few of my personal effects lying about the vessel, which I took the liberty of taking possession of. Tom had two of my shirts, which he had washed in his

best manner, and hid for me. The luxury of a change of clothes and a good bath, was delightful to me. Tom was allowed to do my cooking at the same time that he did Tapia's, our rations being brought from the barracks. I used to eat my meals, sitting on the deck, it being then the height of summer, and very warm most of the time, in the cabin.

One morning, in loitering on the deck, I saw the American ensign, which had been ignominiously thrown behind a coil of rope. I glanced around, and finding that no one was observing me, raised it, and hurried with it to my state room, concealing it beneath my mattress.

I found the Florida much injured by the neglect and rough usage she had undergone. Many of her sails were destroyed, her running and standing gear

cut up, and one of her quarter boats lost. This grieved me very much; and with Tom's aid, I endeavored gradually to repair such of the injuries as it was in my power to mend, thinking that the time might come when the vessel might enable us to make our escape.

The morning of Christmas Day dawned, bringing to me so many sad recollections that I became nervously restless, and unable to remain quietly on board my vessel. Every thing seemed to remind me of home, by the very force of contrast; the wild, foreign faces around me; the strange language, made harsh by oaths and curses, which greeted my ear; the summer vegetation; the heat—all so opposed to every thing associated with the season in my mind; the recollection of the terrible scenes I had passed through; of my present danger,

and of what might be still before me—all pressed upon me, until some change of place seemed to me absolutely necessary.

I determined to go on shore; so, taking a boat, accompanied by Tapia and some of his men, we rowed ashore, and soon reached the barracks.

Here, every thing was in confusion—such confusion, that I quickly wished myself back again on board the barque. The soldiers were mostly under arms, the released prisoners and my crew standing in groups on the parade ground; and, looking towards Cambiaso's house, which was in the middle of the yard, I saw him standing at the door, talking to Garcia, and apparently in a state of great excitement. Not willing to come under his notice in his present mood, I passed quietly around the yard, look-

ing for somebody from whom I could obtain information. Mr. Dunn I could not see, he being still under guard, confined with captains Avalos and Salas; but I soon met my old fellow-prisoner, the English mate, and from him and some of the Chilians I gathered the cause of the uproar.

There had been several visits from the Indians during the last week or two, and there was some reason to suppose that some of these late visitors had come as spies. The herdsmen who had the charge of the cattle belonging to the colony, had reported that they had of late seen Indians, armed, lurking around the cattle, and hanging about the woods which surrounded the cantonment. This had roused Cambiaso's suspicions, and on the day after I removed to the Florida, he had seized

two Indian boys who had been living some time in the barracks, and, apparently with the design of intimidating the Indians, had ordered them to be conveyed to a point about two miles distant, at a place where the Indians were accustomed to pass, on their way to the barracks. There they were hung by the neck to the trees, and lanced to death, their cheeks and noses being cut off.

On Christmas morning, an Indian woman had appeared at the gate, requesting to enter and visit her son, who was in the barracks. She was carried before Cambiaso, and being questioned by him as to the movements of the Indians, and when they were coming to make another visit for barter, she contradicted herself continually. She confessed that she had seen the bodies of

the Indian boys, but being asked who was with her when she saw them, she at first said, "No one;" then said she had been sent to the yard by one of the chiefs,—then that he was angry about the death of the boys. While she was being questioned, the herdsmen came hurrying into the camp, with the news that the Indians were killing the cattle, and carrying them off.

Cambiaso mustered his mounted troops hurriedly, arming them with muskets and clubs; and then, leaving the Indian woman under guard, he hastened out with his men in pursuit of the marauders. The Indians soon took the alarm, and mounting their swift horses, were off before him, leaving the slaughtered cattle lying on their pasture ground. He, however, soon put his men on the track, and leaving them to follow the

Indians, returned on the gallop to the barracks, terribly exasperated. He rode in and called to the guard to bring out the Indian woman, crying, "Drag her out! kill her! shoot her down, she shall tell me no more lies!" She was dragged out before him, resisting with all her might, and pleading for her life, asking for her son, praying for his help. Her prayers were useless, and were not even listened to. Cambiaso himself collected a file of soldiers, and ordered her to be dragged to a tree and tied there. He gave the order to fire himself. Six or eight bullets struck her, but still she writhed in agony, and continued her shrieks for help. One of the soldiers, at a nod from Cambiaso, walked up to her and struck her on the head with a club, which silenced her for ever. Her dead body was hang-

ing to the tree when I entered the yard.

The English mate, from whom I got most of this information, and who had been suffered to go at large almost unwatched since I left the barracks, told me that he had never seen Cambiaso in such a fiendish passion; that Garcia had tried to quiet him, but without the least effect.

The troops were still out, following the Indians, and great anxiety was expressed in the yard that they might overtake and capture them. The general opinion seemed to be that the Indians, seeing the weakened and disorderly state of the colony, had formed a plan to make a sudden attack upon them, and massacre them all, for the sake of the booty which they would secure. From what I gathered, I con-

cluded that a party of Indians had come down the pass on their way to visit the barracks, when, finding the dead bodies of the boys on their road, they had sent the woman on as a spy. Why they had commenced slaughtering and driving off the cattle, without waiting for her return, I could not tell, unless the herdsmen were so few and so easily to be overpowered that the temptation was too great for them.

At about one in the afternoon, I succeeded in persuading Tapia and his men to put off again for the barque, and happy indeed was I to find myself again on board of her.

I determined not to go ashore again unless I was compelled to, and to keep as much out of Cambiaso's way as possible. Fifty plans of escape had crossed my mind. Sometimes to leave the ves-

self, and strike across the country among the Indians—but from that, the fear of starvation deterred me; sometimes to get enough of my crew and of the prisoners friendly to me on board the vessel to navigate her, and make our escape in that way; but the Florida lay right under the guns of the fort, and the impossibility of getting her under weigh was too evident. Besides, I felt a great reluctance to any plan of escape which would leave my fellow sufferers, Mr. Dunn, captain Avalos, and so forth, still in the hands of the pirates. There seemed to be nothing but to wait the course of events, and avail myself of any favorable circumstance that might occur.

On the morning of the 26th, several men from the barracks came on board to visit us, as they sometimes did, and

from them we learned that the soldiers sent after the Indians had returned without being able to overtake them, after following them for twelve hours; and that there was a good deal of anxiety on shore, lest the Indians should come up in force and attack them in the night.

I had felt some desire to see one of the native Patagonians, having still my school-boy belief that they were giants, as our geographies generally inform us. During my imprisonment at the barracks, one or two of the men had visited the yard, and I had seen them from my window. They were certainly large in stature, but by no means came up to the measure of my boyish imagination. They had heretofore shown themselves friendly towards the colonists, being probably kept in awe by governor Ga-

mero, and the strict discipline which he enforced; but they were said to be very far from cowardly, and very savage and inhuman when roused by the excitement of fighting. I had often thought that Cambiaso had some dread of them, judging from two or three remarks about them which he had made to me from time to time.

For two or three days after this disturbance by the Indians, a sharp lookout was kept by Cambiaso, and every visit to the Florida from the shore gave me accounts of the alarm of the rebels. At last, I heard that we were all to leave the place, and the settlement was to be abandoned. I eagerly asked Tapia, from whom I heard this, if he would tell me where we were going; but I found he knew no more of our destination than I did: indeed, it was only

from what he had observed on shore, and from the surmises of the men around him, that he had drawn his conclusion. I felt very anxious to go on shore and try to discover for myself how much truth there was in this report, but the remembrance of my last visit and its risks deterred me. I could only question Tapia, who went to the fort very often, and who seemed as anxious as myself to know what was to be done. It was evident that the men did not trust Cambiaso; that they feared his securing the treasure and one of the vessels, and abandoning them to the mercy of the Indians or to the Chilian government, when the news of the insurrection should reach Valparaiso. This seemed not improbable; but for myself, I judged it more likely that Cambiaso was making some preparation to join the insurgent

party under general Cruz, in the province of Concepcion, for I was convinced that he had in some way held communication with them before he rose against governor Gamero. He had several times in his conversations with me, declared himself a sworn partisan of general Cruz; and once, in answer to my complaint of the outrages committed against my vessel and myself, he had said that if general Cruz succeeded in overthrowing the government at Santiago, everything connected with my case should be satisfactorily adjusted, and that I should have no reason to complain. In speaking thus, he must of course have referred to my pecuniary losses. No reparation could be made to me or to his friends, for the barbarities inflicted upon my friend, Mr. Shaw; but in Cambiaso's scale of injuries, the loss of property

probably stood highest. Somewhere about the 29th or 30th of December, several workmen were sent on board the Florida, evidently for the purpose of making preparation for her departure. Her name, which was beautifully painted on her stern, was smeared over, a fresh coat of paint put on, and the word "Inesperado," (*the unexpected*,) inserted in its place. Wood, water and provisions in great quantities were sent to the Florida and the Eliza Cornish, and the two vessels were put in as good order as could be expected from such unseamanlike workmen.

These workmen took the opportunity to ransack the two vessels, secreting everything of value that they could lay their hands on, and throwing overboard what they thought useless. Among other things, they came across some bags of

silver ore which had been overlooked in the former searching of the Eliza Cornish, and doubtless would have appropriated this treasure to the deep, if the English mate had not been standing by them at the time of the discovery, and threatened to inform against them. The bags were worth about two hundred dollars apiece.

On the morning of the last day of the year, Cambiaso himself came on board, attended by his aids, fully armed, and evidently intending to surround himself with all that could impress us with an idea of his authority. He went into the cabin, and then sent for me to come to him. When I entered, he was seated by the table, with his pistols lying before him, and dressed in his full regimentals. He received me with much politeness, and offered me a seat; then

commenced by telling me that the marks of hostility shown to the colony by the Indians, and the difficulty of obtaining supplies for his followers, had determined him to abandon the place, and that he had made up his mind to keep me with him, to navigate the vessel; and that he expected me to use my utmost skill, and to obey his orders to the letter, with regard to the course of the vessel. I answered him very coolly, that he had left me no choice; since I was entirely in his power, I must perforce obey his orders; that with regard to using my utmost skill, I had too much regard for my own life and the lives of my crew in that perilous navigation, not to do my best. My coolness did not seem to offend him, for he smiled as I spoke, and rising, said, "You shall be well watched, Sir Captain,

and it will go hard with you if you give any cause for suspicion." After going through the vessel and giving some orders to his workmen, he prepared to leave, when I said to him that if he would give me authority, I would give directions to the workmen in regard to such repairs as the vessel might need to render her sea-worthy. To this he assented, apparently with much satisfaction, and entering the boat, his men pushed off for the shore.

New Year's Day dawned, clear, bright, and summer-like, and early in the morning the boats were all busily engaged in bringing off the colonists to the two vessels. My crew and the crew of the *Eliza Cornish* were sent on board their respective vessels, and my old companion, the English mate, was put in command of the *E. Cornish*.

We had a busy time of it on that New Year's Day. Men, women, children, provisions, water, camp furniture, and so forth, were crowded on board our vessels, and my ingenuity was taxed to the utmost to make stowage for them all. About two hundred of the colonists were put on board the *Eliza Cornish*, and nearly two hundred and sixty on board the *Florida*. Cambiaso, with Garcia, and his other officers, took possession of the cabin and state-rooms, taking with them Mr. Dunn, captain Avalos, and some others. The rest were crowded into the hold with the common soldiers. I was allowed to retain my state-room, as captain of the vessel, and my mates and crew were put under my command. The treasure was stored in Cambiaso's state-room, or near there, nailed up in heavy wooden boxes. I found that all

the prisoners of any importance were to be put in the Florida, probably to retain them under Cambiaso's own supervision. Captain Salas, however, was sent to the E. Cornish.

Among our passengers were about a hundred goats; and as we had no pens to confine them in, a few dogs were sent with them as guards, whose duty it was to keep them within bounds. Two dozen hogs were to share the privileges of the deck with the goats.

On the evening of the 1st of January I managed to exchange a few words with captain Avalos and Mr. Dunn, who had been sent on board just before dark. They told me that everything of value had been taken from the fort, what was portable sent to the vessels, and any things too heavy to carry away, and too valuable to be left to the

Indians, had been buried in different spots around the cantonment and in the yard of the barracks, by order of Cambiaso. It seemed to them that he meditated a return to the colony, in case he met with any difficulties in navigating the vessel, and that therefore he was unwilling to abandon any thing to the Indians. We were not able to talk long, as some of the officers were standing by, and evidently watching us.

CHAPTER VII.

Cambiaso's orders — We set sail — Wood's Bay — The old French ship — A drunken riot — The officer condemned — Garcia's interference — Men deserted at Wood's Bay — The Eliza Cornish left behind — Stormy weather — Sandy Bay again — The Indians — Cape Gregory — Interview with Cambiaso — His promises — Conversation with Mr. Dunn — My determination.

The 2d of January saw us all ready for sea, and early in the morning Cambiaso came on board. He called me into his state-room, and after renewing his threats, in case he saw any signs of my disobeying his orders, he gave me a written paper, on which were my directions for navigating the vessel. I opened it before him, thinking that if I saw the necessity of making any re-

marks about them, it would be better to do it at once. The paper directed me to go westward through the Straits to Cape Pillar; thence west-by-north 1-4 north to 82 deg. west longitude; then northerly to the latitude of the island of Marica; thence for that island, coming to anchor on the east side, and waiting for further orders. The Eliza Cornish was to follow the Florida, and at night both vessels were to display a signal lantern at mast head.

He remarked, when I had finished reading, that these were only my general directions; that I must look to him for more particular orders from day to day; and that while the vessels were within the Straits, he should often want to anchor at different points.

At about ten o'clock in the morning, a signal gun was fired from the Florida,

and both vessels weighed anchor and got under way for the westward. We made but slow work and little progress, both vessels being somewhat out of repair from a month's neglect, and the standing and running rigging being very much chafed and worn. On Saturday, the 3d, we reached Port Famine, and there were ordered to lay over till Monday morning, during which time the men were employed in getting in more wood and water, while I was fully occupied in stowing our numerous passengers more closely, and if possible, more comfortably. In this labor I received much assistance from Mr. Dunn and captain Avalos, whose situation I endeavored to render as comfortable as possible, and whose fare I supplied from my own mess.

Sunday evening, as I was standing on

the deck, one of the men from the hold passed me with a bundle under his arm, and approaching the side of the vessel, was about to throw it over. I stopped him, asking what it was. He carelessly turned down the covering and showed me the body of a child who had been born the evening the colonists came on board, and who had died that morning. The brute, who I suppose was the father, had attached pieces of iron to the cloth which covered the poor little thing, to insure its sinking. I compelled him to go on shore and bury it, ordering him by my authority as captain of the ship. I took every occasion to exercise this authority, thinking it might be of advantage to me in the future. The mother died during our voyage.

We got under way again on Monday

morning, and reached St. Nicholas Bay by the evening of the 6th. Here we lay over all night, and on Wednesday morning continued our course westward until Thursday afternoon, when we came in sight of Wood's Bay, Cape Holland. Cambiaso sent for me as we neared the harbor, and informed me that he intended to lie in this anchorage for some time. His object was to get some liquor out of an old French ship which had been wrecked there some time ago, and which still lay with the greater part above water. We came to anchor in the evening, and the next morning the soldiers were sent on shore to unload the wreck, and rescue what liquor was still untouched by the water.

Some barrels and casks were brought out whole, and immediately transferred to the Florida; but many were stove

in, either purposely or by accident, and then commenced a scene of drunken rioting and disorder which lasted for three or four days. Officers, men, sailors, — all were intoxicated; and Cambiaso and Garcia seemed to have as little control over them as I had. Indeed, the temptation sometimes proved too strong for Cambiaso himself; and Mr. Dunn, Garcia, and myself were almost the only men who preserved full possession of our senses.

I remember one case in which I used my authority as master of the ship somewhat rashly. The occupant of one of the state-rooms, the doctor of the colony under governor Gamero, and a Frenchman, had drank enough to make him noisily troublesome, both in the cabin and on deck. At last he went out on the jib-boom, hallooing and shout-

ing. I called to him to come in, but finding he paid no attention to me, I sent the only seaman I had on board out after him. This proved equally unavailing, and, losing all patience, I sprang out myself, collared him, and thrust him into his state-room. I fully expected that he would complain of me to Cambiaso, and that I might have to suffer for my rash assumption of authority; but I never heard from him again.

By Sunday night the rioting seemed to have worn itself out, and the men, having slept off their intoxication, began to return to their duty. That night, however, Cambiaso was in a terrible humor, swearing at all around him, and giving most contradictory orders, which it was impossible to observe. One of his officers unluckily offended him by

venturing to remonstrate, when Cambiaso in his half drunken passion, ordered him to be put in irons and sent on-board the Eliza Cornish, accompanied by a file of soldiers, and at twelve at night to be tied to the mast and shot down. The men obeyed; but I noticed the muttered indignation of the other officers, and general Garcia, after Cambiaso had retired to the cabin, stepped forward to the officer under whose direction the removal was made, and who was to control the execution, and, under the plea that Cambiaso was under the influence of liquor and might alter his order, he gave the officer authority to delay the execution for an hour or two, or at least till he heard again from himself. I watched the countenance of the condemned man as he went towards the boat, but could read nothing on it

but sturdy, obstinate defiance and indignation, until, just as he was leaving the deck, a woman's scream was heard. It was his wife, who, occupied in the hold of the vessel, had heard nothing of what was going on until this moment, and now rushed on deck with her children hanging round her. The man's face twitched as she flung herself into his arms, crying most piteously; but the soldiers quickly took her away from him, and hurried him on board the boat. I went up to the woman and endeavored to console her, by telling her of general Garcia's interference, but between my broken Spanish and her sobs, I am afraid very little of what I said reached her mind.

Garcia had left the deck and gone to Cambiaso's state-room, where he remained for about two hours, soothing Cambiaso

and pleading for the officer's life. At last he came out successful. A boat was sent to the Eliza Cornish, the officer brought back and restored to his wife. This and other humane actions of general Garcia, made much impression on me at the time, and inclined me to believe his assertions made afterwards, that he had only joined Cambiaso on compulsion, and from fear for his life.

Monday, the 12th, a terrible storm raged; but in the afternoon, Cambiaso began to send some of the men on shore, as he said, to wash their clothes. This seemed to me a strange proceeding, and I watched his movements in some anxiety. By night about forty-four were landed, and on the last return of the boat, it was hoisted up and put in its place. Cambiaso then, under his own directions, had our four-pounders and

swivel gun loaded with two balls each—the swivel gun pointed towards the stern. When this was accomplished, orders were sent to the *Eliza Cornish* to weigh anchor and go in shore. The *Eliza Cornish* had but two guns on board, and was not utterly defenceless. It was said by Cambiaso that if the poor mate should attempt to follow the *Florida*, his brig should be fired into and sunk, while I was ordered to get under way and go to the eastward. I understood his plans now. The men landed at Wood's Bay were to be left behind to starve or fall a prey to the Indians; the *Eliza Cornish* and her two hundred passengers were to be left to their fate; while the *Florida*, (on board of which was all the treasure and Cambiaso's chief followers,) was to be used to convey the pirates to some place of

security. I shrank from being even compelled to be accessory to such cruelty, and ventured to remonstrate with Cambiaso ; not, however, on his barbarity,—that, indeed, would have been useless,—but on the risk the Florida would run in attempting such dangerous navigation on a night so thick and murky, with the wind blowing heavily in shore. I told him that it was not safe to start, that I could not answer for our not being ashore before morning ; but he would not even listen to me, saying he believed I was a coward, and angrily commanded me to obey orders.

It was, indeed, as much as I could do to keep the vessel from the shore that night, the storm continuing till daylight, and I expected every moment that we should be driven in shore. I do not know that I dreaded it much. It

seemed to me as well to fall into the hands of the Indians, as to remain with these fellows, and our chances of escape were as good on land as at sea.

Tuesday morning, however, saw us again opposite Sandy Bay, and at nine o'clock I hove-to off the harbor, by Cambiaso's orders. The boat was then cleared away ready for lowering, and some of the men were ordered to go ashore to bring off some provisions which had been left behind; but they, perhaps mistrusting Cambiaso's intentions, and fearing that they would be abandoned, as their companions had been at Wood's Bay, refused to land, declaring that they saw some Indians prowling about the barracks. I saw, by the help of my spy-glass, that what they took, or pretended to take for Indians, were only barrels and stumps of trees, but I

prudently said nothing. Cambiaso stormed and threatened, but the men were stubborn and immovable, and Garcia again interfering, he sullenly ordered me to proceed, and retired to his state-room. That evening I anchored under Cape Gregory.

Towards ten o'clock, when the night watch was set, and all was quiet on the vessel, Mr. Dunn and myself were sent for to Cambiaso's state-room. Mr. Dunn had of late always been called upon to accompany me when Cambiaso sent for me to deliver orders; my broken Spanish seeming to irritate him, and Mr. Dunn serving as interpreter to render my orders more clear to me. Cambiaso received us very cordially, asked us to be seated, and began by expressing himself very well satisfied with the skill I had shown in navigating the

vessel. He was even jocose, asking me if I was a good shot with a pistol, since he had an idea of fighting a duel with me; then, pointing to a bottle of champagne which stood on the table, he said, "That is the pistol I mean we shall exchange shots with;" and drawing the cork, he made us both drink with him. Then turning to Mr. Dunn, he said, "My good friend Sir Captain is troubled about the rascals I left at Wood's Bay; he does not know, as you and I do, that there's only one way to get along with such men. They are devils, and nothing is too hard for them. One must take care of himself in this world."

Mr. Dunn told him that I had hesitated about putting out from the harbor because the night was so murky, and the navigation intricate; and that I was

afraid of running the vessel on the shore. Cambiaso shook his head: "No, no; you are both of you tender-hearted as women. I suppose you would be frightened now, if you saw blood shed, but one can't always get along without it."

I answered that I could fight as well as another man, when I saw need for it; but that I did not like leaving the English mate and crew, nor even *his* followers to starve, or fall into the hands of the Indians. This made him laugh heartily; but suddenly changing the subject, he asked me if I had a wife and children. "Yes," I said, "in my own country." "How many little ones?" he rejoined; "and I suppose you would like to see them again? Well, you must do without that for some time yet; but if you will follow

my orders, you shall go home with money enough to stay with them always."

I answered that I had obeyed his orders since I had agreed to, and that I should continue to navigate the vessel as well as I could, if that was what he wanted from me. "Yes," replied he, when my friend had interpreted this answer to him, "Yes, yes, that is what I want of you for the present, and I promise you both that I will not give you any fighting to do; all I ask of you is to stand by, and not be frightened if you see any blood spilled." We made no reply to this; when, after pausing a moment, and glancing at us from under his long, veiling lashes, he said, "I will make it worth your while, captain Brown, to follow me, and yours too, Sir Secretary. If you obey my orders, and land me safe at my desti-

nation, you shall go home to your wife and little ones with twenty thousand dollars, captain ; and you (to Mr. Dunn,) shall have six thousand, if you interpret for me faithfully." He rose as he said this, and pointed out of the cabin, saying as we left him, that all he wanted was that we should be true to him.

It was then late into the night, but instead of retiring, Mr. Dunn and myself walked to the side of the vessel, out of hearing of the watch and the few soldiers listening about the deck, to talk over our interview with the general. We knew that those around us were aware that we had been sent for by Cambiaso, and had been with him for some time ; therefore it would be natural for them to suppose that we would wish to talk of what we had heard from him, and it was very seldom

that we had an opportunity of exchanging even a few words without feeling that we were suspected by our watchful jailors.

I told Mr. Dunn at once that I did not like Cambiaso's conversation; I did not trust his apparent friendliness for a moment; indeed, I believed that it was all assumed to deceive us, and hide his real intentions.

"But," replied Mr. Dunn, "he cannot do without you as long as he remains on board the Florida, and now that he has abandoned the colony and left the brig behind, he must have some port in view." "Yes," said I, "he will use us as long as he wants us; but depend upon it, he will never let us escape alive to any place where we can put the officers of justice on his track. Depend upon it, all this was to blind us;

he has some devilish plan in his head; he will do something with us very soon."

Mr. Dunn looked anxiously serious as he said, "I more than half agree with you; the villain was half intoxicated this evening, and let out more than he meant to. Did you see his face when he promised us the money? But what plans can he have? What port does he intend to make?"

This brought to my mind a conversation I had held a few days before with one of the officers, Cambiaso's chief adviser and confidant, and a man who before this had scarcely exchanged a word with me. He, through the help of one of the sailors, a Chilian, but who talked English tolerably well, had questioned me about the lay of the shore around Rio Janeiro, and the ap-

proach to that port, the landing, and so forth. This I repeated to Mr. Dunn, and putting that conversation with Cambiaso's entire change of orders since we first left the colony, his evident intentions of continuing his course eastward, the amount of food which he had stored in the Florida, and other slight indications of the same sort, we felt that Rio Janeiro was his destination, and that we had some clue to his plans.

Still, I was convinced, and at last succeeded in convincing Mr. Dunn, that his friendly expressions towards us, and his offers of money were entirely insincere; his bids were altogether too high. I knew that all the treasure on the vessel did not amount to more than eighty thousand dollars, and of that he would hardly give twenty-six thousand to men whom he had entirely within

his power; and give it, too, when he had no longer any further use for them. Long afterwards, and on my return to Valparaiso, I found that my suspicions were correct; for I learned from Garcia and the other officer of Cambiaso, both of whom were pardoned by the Chilian government, that Cambiaso's plan had been to take the Florida to some part of the Brazilian coast that was uninhabited, probably on the inhospitable shores of the province of Santa Catharina, there to compel most of his followers and prisoners to land and shift for themselves; using some such stratagem as that which had been so successful at Cape Holland; and to keep on the vessel only his intimate friends, and myself and crew. On reaching the harbor of Rio Janeiro, and coming near enough to gain the shore in the boats,

he and his companions were to murder myself and crew, scuttle the vessel, and with the treasure, make their escape to the port; there, dividing the booty, they were to disperse, Cambiaso himself intending to take passage in the steamer for Europe, and his officers to seek whatever foreign country might please them and seem a safe refuge for them.

Mr. Dunn and myself parted, with our distrust of Cambiaso confirmed, and with a renewed determination to strain every nerve to escape from his hands. After I reached my berth, and as I lay tossing and revolving our perils, the thought struck me that it might be possible to re-take the vessel. A thousand difficulties and dangers started up to intimidate me, but the possibility of success seemed to overbalance all uncertainties, and I spent the rest of the

night in laying my plans, in measuring the chances of resolution and fidelity amongst my crew, and in estimating the probability of our being joined by any of the released prisoners.

By the morning, I had made up my mind to the attempt, and rose with a determination to lose no time, but to effect it, if possible, that very day.

CHAPTER VIII.

The re-taking of the vessel planned — Mr. Dunn — Captain Avalos — Preto — The corporal — Three bells — The struggle — Cambiaso overpowered — Garcia — Cheers for victory — The crew swear fidelity to me — Our course — Cambiaso put in irons — His cowardice — The prisoners from the hold — River Gallegos — Voyage round Cape Horn — Attempted outbreaks — Our danger — We reach San Carlos.

Wednesday, the 14th of January, we left Cape Gregory behind us, and continued our course eastward, towards the eastern entrance of the Straits. I sought Mr. Dunn early in the morning, and communicated my determination to him. I found him ready and willing to sustain me in the attempt, and that he agreed with me that the sooner it was made, the better; so, determining to hurry things on, we parted—he to

sound such of the prisoners and soldiers as we thought would join us.

There were several of my crew in whom I could not put confidence, they being too frequently seen holding confidential conversations with Cambiaso's followers; so that after some deliberation, I determined not to entrust our plans to any of the men, lest those whose fidelity we doubted should hear of them, and betray us to Cambiaso; but in the course of the morning I spoke to those whom I could trust, and asked them separately if they would stand by me in trouble, and obey my orders. They all answered that they were ready; and one of them, with an oath, added, "Till death, captain!" Captain Avalos we managed to speak to during the morning, and found him as ready as we were.

The day wore on anxiously enough for us, for we felt that the struggle that was approaching was a matter of life and death with us; one false step, and we were lost; one careless or treacherous word breathed by those whom we were compelled to trust, and we were at the mercy of those villains, whom no sense of humanity could restrain. The weather was fine, and the wind favorable; and, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, we passed Cape Possession, leaving it to the north-west. I was on deck with the larboard watch, when Mr. Dunn told me that he had secured the assistance of twelve besides myself. These were some of the soldiers under captain Avalos; some prisoners who had come down with us, and who had proved themselves so friendly during our confinement at Sandy Bay; and one

or two of Cambiaso's own followers, who had expressed dissatisfaction at his tyranny, and to whom Mr. Dunn had held out the prospect of pardon, if we should succeed in our undertaking. Among them was my former guard, Preto, to whom I was indebted for the hymn book, which proved so great a source of consolation. We laid our plans most cautiously. Captain Avalos and his soldiers were to secure the officers in the cabin, while Mr. Dunn and myself were to guard the deck. To the corporal who had defended himself so bravely at the time the Florida was seized, and who refused to deliver up his gun except to my order, I gave the attack on Cambiaso himself; for during our whole imprisonment, he had manifested such a detestation of him that I really believed he would have eaten

him up alive, if he could have got at him.

During the evening, Cambiaso and his officers sat around the table in the after cabin, engaged in their usual occupation of gambling; and every glance which I cast in upon them showed me their dark, fierce countenances, while the sound of their oaths and laughter struck my ear. Without, all was still and peaceful; the barque gliding swiftly through the water, with a free wind and a pleasant breeze. I watched the strange looking southern stars which looked down upon us from their quiet skies, with a strange impatience at their peaceful calmness.

By eleven, the gamblers began to rise from the table, and one by one retired to their state-rooms; and when the sound of eight bells proclaimed midnight, all was still and quiet around us. I

sent the larboard watch below, telling them only that they must be prepared to come on deck if they heard me call. The starboard watch then came up, but I did not inform them of my plans then. The signal was to be three bells, or as a landsman would say, the striking of half-past one in the morning. The forward hatch was closed, and the guarding of the after hatch was to be given to Mr. Dunn and myself. Two bells told us that one o'clock had arrived, and all were at their posts,—captain Avalos and his men ready at the cabin door. Not a sound was to be heard save the ticking of the watch in the cabin, and the rustling of the water as it broke round the bows of the vessel. Both sounds struck on my ear with painful acuteness. At last, three bells rung out, and the rush was

made in the cabin ;—at the same moment I shouted, “All hands tumble up!” and in a moment my crew was around me. Mr. Dunn and myself were at the after hatch, and as the noise of the struggle reached the men between decks, we shouted that we were armed, and had the vessel, and that the first one who appeared at the gangway should be shot down.

The struggle in the cabin went on. Avalos had stationed his men so that each state-room door was broken in at the same moment, and some of the occupants were secured before they were well awake. Cambiaso struggled hard, but was at last overcome and bound with cords, for irons we had none. During the fifteen minutes that the struggle below lasted, we were in suspense on deck, not daring to leave our

posts, but knowing that all depended on captain Avalos's success. At last he appeared, with a shout; all were secured without the loss of a life—not even a drop of blood spilled. Then rose three times three cheers for our victory, which rung through the vessel, and announced our success to the prisoners below.

But our work was not over. Captain Avalos and his men collected all the pistols, cutlasses, guns, and so forth, which could be found, and carried them into the cabin, loading the muskets and pistols, while I called my men aft, and asked them if they would stand by me in defending the vessel and taking her into port. They promised with most eager anxiety; and Mr. Dunn and captain Avalos coming forward, added to their enthusiasm by pledging their lives

to sustain me in holding the vessel, and putting themselves entirely under my orders.

I then hove the main-top-sail to the mast till our course was decided, and called a council as to our best course. Some of the party proposed returning to Sandy Bay, where we could defend ourselves in the barracks; others to push on for the coast of Brazil and make the first port there; but I told them we had not water enough to go very far, and suggested that we should make for the nearest watering place, the river Gallegos, lying in lat. $51^{\circ} 39'$ S.—lon. 69° W., on the east coast of Patagonia; there take in a fresh supply of water, and shape our course round Cape Horn for Valparaiso. To return to Sandy Bay seemed to me to put ourselves directly into the hands of the

pirates who were behind us, and who could easily overpower us, and release their leaders and companions. If we attempted to reach the coast of Brazil, it seemed to me impossible that we should be able to hold the vessel during so long a voyage, as we had no irons to secure our prisoners, and no men to spare to guard them; whereas, the telling them that we were taking them to Valparaiso would probably satisfy all but the ring-leaders.

My plan was adopted; and as we had a fair wind, I squared the yards and started at once for the river.

The whole forenoon of the 15th was spent in preparing irons for Cambiaso, Garcia, and others confined in the state-rooms. When they were finished, the corporal and some others entered Cambiaso's state-room to put them on his

hands and feet. He lay on his bed, bound hand and foot with cords, and as we entered and commenced putting on the irons, he said, "Are you going to shoot me? Let me have fifteen minutes to prepare." They gave him no answer; but after securing him they left the state-room, and placed his enemy the corporal, with another soldier, well armed, at his door, with orders to shoot him at once if any disturbance should break out amongst the prisoners. We took care that he should hear our order, which captain Avalos repeated aloud in Spanish.

Cambiaso showed more cowardice than I expected in his fear of death; but even before us he seemed to keep his courage up by a sort of bravado.

From his room, which was one of the after state-rooms, we went to Garcia's

whom we found lying very quiet. He said nothing, but held his hands so as to make it easier to adjust the handcuffs. The other officers were ironed and locked into their state-rooms, and as heavy a guard as we could spare, detached for the cabin.

After the officers were secured, we opened the hatchway, and allowed the prisoners below to come up in small detachments at a time. We continued this during the voyage, as they were so crowded below that we felt this was necessary to escape the danger of sickness and contagion; but we never did it without great risk and great anxiety.

Before noon on this day, the 15th, the wind shifted ahead, and we made slow work all that day and night, and barely reached the mouth of the river Gallegos by noon of the 16th.

As we came off the mouth of the river, I found the wind well to the eastward, blowing fresh on shore; and I hesitated about attempting to land, especially as there was likely to be considerable sea on shore. After some consideration, I determined to tack ship and go south, trusting to finding some watering place along the coast which we could make in more favorable weather. As we tacked ship, this seeming to me the starting for home, we fired as a salute, the guns which had been loaded with double balls by Cambiaso, and hoisted the American ensign which I had kept so long concealed. I had great hopes of meeting some American or English vessel in my passing round the cape, from which I might obtain some assistance. It was not so very long since the *Virago* had left Sandy

Bay, and I hoped that she or some other armed vessel might be cruising in these seas.

After the salute, I had my guns carefully re-loaded again, and the strictest discipline maintained on board. In this I was admirably aided by captain Avalos, whose soldiers were kept constantly on the alert; and by Mr. Dunn, who worked with me heart and hand. Cambiaso was strictly confined to his state-room, and allowed no communication with any one. The other officers we sometimes allowed to come on deck for air and exercise for a short time, attended by a guard; but never when any of the prisoners from below were up. The odds against us were fearful: two hundred and two prisoners, to about twenty-two men to guard and provide for them, and navigate the vessel.

The cleaning of the steerage I was obliged to compel the prisoners to attend to, by constant threats of punishment for neglect. The stench which came up from the hold was sometimes insupportable. The whole care of providing for the crew and prisoners I left in the hands of my faithful steward, and he performed his task well, laboring with unwearied diligence. Sometimes the women among the prisoners were allowed to come up and cook for their husbands.

The treasure which was in Cambiaso's state-room was transferred to the cabin for safe keeping, under the guardianship of Mr. Dunn and captain Avalos.

During our passage round the cape, we had rather pleasant weather, with but few exceptions; but very few fair winds. This increased the length of our voyage,

and every day saw us more worn out with anxiety and watchfulness. For myself, I never had my clothes off during the whole passage; nor did I ever venture to retire to my state-room for a night's sleep,—taking what rest I could snatch sitting on a chair in the cabin, where I could be roused at any moment.

In passing Cape St. Johns, at the eastern extremity of the Straits, on the evening of January 20th, we encountered a heavy gale of wind from the west-south-west, which continued, with a rough sea, for some days. During the gale we lost the head rails.

On February 1st, another gale, far heavier than the last, caused us to ship a great deal of water in the cabin. There was no real danger, but I never saw fellows more frightened than were our prisoners, as the water came dash-

ing through their state-room windows. For Cambiaso, he was a perfect coward when he was sea-sick. Nine days afterwards we were in real danger; as a sudden squall struck the vessel, and broke the main-yards in the slings. When the gale abated, we got a spare yard ready, and were soon in sailing order again.

We were disappointed in our hopes of meeting with any vessels from which we could obtain relief; and we had experienced great difficulty in finding a watering place; so that by the time we reached the western extremity of the Straits, I found myself so short of water that I determined to abandon my intention of going to Valparaiso, and to make San Carlos, the port on the northern extremity of the island of Chiloe. This course seemed to me more neces-

sary, as I doubted our ability to keep the prisoners under for many days longer, there having been already two attempts to rise among them, only kept down by our prompt watchfulness. The most desperate among them were either fearful of coming within the reach of the arm of the law, or were tempted by the treasure which lay almost within their grasp. I think nothing had so much effect in restraining them as the perfect fearlessness with which I moved about among them, and the apparent confidence with which I issued my orders—directing the prisoners in the hold to come on deck, to go to the galley for their mess, to clean out their quarters, and so forth—as if I were perfectly sure that I should be obeyed.

During the last few days of our passage, I had been alarmed by noticing

words passing between some of the soldiers who were on guard, and the prisoners, as they came up on deck for their daily walk. There was evidently another outbreak in contemplation. I communicated my suspicions to my friends, and we redoubled our vigilance.

On the 13th of February, in the evening, as the altered course of the vessel must have informed some of them that we were nearing port, a larger party than usual made their appearance on deck, armed with whatever weapons they could collect from below. Some of the cutlasses and other weapons belonging to the rebels we had never been able to obtain, they having secreted them.

My crew were stationed at their posts on deck, and armed ; and captain Avalos ordered his men to load up their

muskets in the presence of the prisoners. About ten o'clock, three of our own men deliberately left their places and walked over to the ranks of the prisoners. We withdrew to the cabin, and stood with our loaded pistols and muskets in our hands, and our drawn swords, with other loaded pistols, lying on the table within our reach. Under the table was the box in which the treasure was nailed up.

About eighteen of the rioters advanced to the entrance of the cabin; but seeing our strong position and our formidable weapons, they paused irresolute. Among them were the three deserters from our party. One of them I called by name, opening the door of my state-room and beckoning him in. He stepped forward much agitated, and entered with me. His agitation showed me that I had

little to fear from him; and a few words of surprise at his conduct and of promises to forget it, brought him over to our side. As he left the door of the state-room and joined our party, the rioters fell back, evidently cowed, and one by one slunk again into their places in the hold. By eleven o'clock all was quiet, and we breathed freely again.

I have no reason to believe that Cambiaso, Garcia, or any of the officers were concerned in this outbreak; it was concerted entirely among the men, who were probably instigated by their desire to obtain possession of the treasure.

That night was an anxious one to us. We were nearing the port, and our approach to land was known to the crew, and probably to many of the prisoners; every moment we were liable to another outbreak more desperate than the last,

as the ringleaders among the prisoners must have been sensible that their last chance of escape was fast passing away ; but all was quiet ; and the morning of the 14th of February, 1852, dawned, to show us the port of San Carlos almost within our reach.

Before dark we were beating into the harbor with the American ensign flying at the spanker gaff.

CHAPTER IX.

Reports of the revolt reach San Carlos — American Minister sends assistance — Chilian Government despatches forces for the Straits — The *Virago* — Fears of the inhabitants of San Carlos — I deliver the *Florida* to the Chilian authorities — Arrival of the *E. Cornish* — The *Virago* takes the prisoners and treasure — Passage to Valparaiso — Protest and claim of salvage — Mr. Duer — Don Antonio Varas — Injustice done me by the Chilian government — The British Admiral claims the treasure — I protest again — Compromise — Don Antonio denies all claim — My claims put into the hands of the United States Authorities.

Early in January, about a month before our arrival, the news of the insurrection in the Straits had spread some alarm through San Carlos and other southern Pacific ports. The first report was brought by two of the soldiers who escaped from the colony with the gov-

ernor, and had not been captured by Cambiaso. They had witnessed the capture of the Florida and the Eliza Cornish, from their hiding place among the bushes around the cantonment; had even lurked in the vicinity long enough to witness the embarkation of the colonists and the abandonment of the colony; then, through incredible hardships, had found their way to the Pacific coast, been taken off from thence by some passing vessel, and carried to San Carlos. Their report was that Cambiaso had turned pirate, and was coming to San Carlos to take the port.

The intelligence they brought had been transmitted to Valparaiso, with a description of the vessels; both of which were said to belong to the United States. Additional forces had been sent to San Carlos, and an official communi-

cation sent from the commander general of marines, at Valparaiso, to the American consul there, and from thence to colonel Balie Peyton, the American Minister at Santiago. Col. Peyton immediately sent orders to Callao that the U. S. frigate "Raritan" should proceed in search of the two vessels; and a request was also sent to the English Admiral at Valparaiso, that the "Virago" might be allowed to go again to the Straits, and render such assistance to the colonists and vessels as might be needed. Some French and Swedish vessels then in port also went out on the search.

The Chilian authorities despatched two Chilian men-of-war, and some Chilian troops under Don Santiago Jorge Bynon. The troops were put on board the Chilian men-of-war; the latter on board the

Virago, on the same service. The English steamer proceeded immediately to the Straits, and it was to be hoped that her officers would learn a lesson from experience, and prove themselves more sharp sighted than they had done a month before, in their former visit to the colony.

The news that the Florida had arrived off the entrance of the harbor filled the people of San Carlos with consternation, which not even the sight of the American flag and my signals of distress served to dissipate entirely. We lay off the harbor some six or seven miles from the town, with the wind ahead, blowing off from the harbor, and the tide against us.

About sunset, a boat came near us with six persons in her, and lay on her oars within hailing distance. Some one

from her hailed us in English, and asked where we were from. This boat had in her the captain of the port, who had put off to reconnoitre, and now seeing so many people on deck, was afraid to come nearer. I answered him from the Florida, saying that I had come into the port in distress, having Cambiaso a prisoner on board, and that I was anxious to go on shore at once to see the Intendente of the port, and deliver up my vessel to him; as I was unable to protect it any longer. This relieved his fears, and he came alongside. I had prepared every thing for my leaving the vessel in safety; knowing that the prisoners would not dare to make another outbreak within the harbor, with the guns of the Chilian war vessels around them. The captain of the port left a pilot on board, and took Mr.

Dunn, captain Avalos, and myself into his boat. We were landed on the quay at about nine o'clock.

We went immediately to the Intendente, the captain of the port accompanying us almost on a run, shouting out as he passed through the streets, "Cambiaso is taken!—he is here!—he is a prisoner!" By the time that we reached the Intendente's house we were surrounded by a crowd of the inhabitants of San Carlos, asking questions and shouting out their exultation. Our arrival had excited such alarm that the troops had been ordered out. I told my story to the Intendente, representing to him the worn out condition of my crew, and the necessity there was for sending them immediate aid. He sent at once for the commander of the forces on shore, and the captain of the Chi-

lian vessel of war, "Indefatigable," then lying in the harbor. They agreed that the troops and the Indefatigable should immediately take possession of the Florida; and by twelve at night, a guard of twenty-five soldiers, with their officer, was placed over the prisoners on my vessel, while the Indefatigable lay by her side.

As we left the Intendente's house, Mr. Dunn was greeted on every side by warm friends, all rejoicing to see him alive once more, and eager to hear our story and to extend the hospitalities of their houses to us. Indeed, during the few days that I remained in San Carlos I experienced the greatest hospitality and kindness from the inhabitants of the place. Every house was thrown open to me and to my friends; our immediate wants of clothing and per-

sonal comforts supplied; and every thing done to make us look back to the time passed there with grateful remembrance.

I experienced here a singular result from the great anxiety and excitement which I had undergone. Instead of being overcome with fatigue, and enjoying the rest which I so much needed, and for which I had so longed, my state of excitement continued. I scarcely needed rest, and sleep seemed to have fled from me entirely. For the first three nights after leaving the vessel I could not close my eyes.

My intention before reaching San Carlos had been to report myself immediately to the American consul, or to any one holding authority from the United States whom I might find there, and follow his advice in regard to the steps to be taken to deliver the pris-

oners, treasure, and vessel into the hands of the government of Chili; but I was told by the captain of the port that no American consul was in the place. I then inquired if any vessel of war belonging to the United States was in the harbor, intending to claim its assistance. There was none; and my next step was to seek the Intendente of the port. In my conversation with him I told him that my wish was to deliver up every thing into the hands of the Chilian authorities as soon as I could do it. He told me that no one in San Carlos had power to take the vessel in the name of the government; to find any one authorized to do this, I must go to Valparaiso. To attempt this without further aid would be, I felt, to risk the lives of my crew and passengers; therefore I accepted the offer of the In-

tendente to take the prisoners and treasure from the Florida and send them to Valparaiso in some Chilian vessel of war then in harbor, with the understanding that on reaching that port, I was then to deliver every thing into the hands of the government.

The next morning, while preparations were making to transfer Cambiaso and Garcia, together with the treasure, to the Indefatigable, the Virago and Metero were reported as coming into the harbor.

The English steamer had then been successful in her search for the Eliza Cornish, and she now seemed inclined to follow her orders to the letter, and take the Florida *wherever she might find her*; for immediately on entering the harbor, captain Stewart, with two armed boats, went alongside my vessel;— then,

not finding me there, he left the boats lying at the side of the vessel, while he came on shore and to the house of the Intendente.

Here I met him; when he told me that he had orders to take my vessel wherever he found her. I answered that he could not take her, as I had her myself; when with something of what seemed to me high handed insolence, he insisted on his right and his orders.

I told him plainly that I gave up the vessel, treasure, and prisoners to no one but to the Chilian authorities; that if he took them it must be by order of the authorities; and that I should protest, both here and in Valparaiso, against his taking possession of the Florida. This was all I could do; for I found no disposition on the part of the Intendente or of any other officials at

San Carlos to back me in my protest. They all seemed to stand somewhat in awe of captain Stewart; or, to speak more properly, of the British lion, whose might he represented. Captain Stewart left me for a while, and soon after returned to the Intendente's, bringing with him commander Bynon, who had sailed with him in search of us, being appointed by the Chilian authorities chief of the naval expedition to the Straits sent for our rescue. To him I repeated what I had said to captain Stewart. He heard me with attention and politeness, and assured me that I should be satisfied and all my just claims regarded.

After some consultation, it was decided by the authorities at San Carlos, commander Bynon, and captain Stewart, that the ringleaders and the treasure should

be transferred to the *Virago*, and that aid should be sent to the *Florida*, to guard the prisoners remaining there, and navigate the vessel to Valparaiso.

I was able to learn but little of the retaking of the *Eliza Cornish*, and the rescue of the colonists left at Wood's Bay, merely having one hurried conversation with my old fellow prisoner, the English mate, about the subject. He told me that the morning after *Cambiaso* drove him in shore, at Wood's Bay, and forbade him to follow the *Florida*, the forty colonists left on the land hailed him, entreating to be taken on board; but having already two hundred crowded into his vessel, he was afraid to do it, and indeed it was not allowed by those on board. He therefore was obliged to abandon them, and, getting under way, beat to the west-

ward. After beating west for about two days he met the English steamers, which immediately sent two armed boats to board the E. Cornish, and took her as a prize. I was told by a sailor from the Virago, that the moment the boats came along side, the mate and crew sprang into her, so glad were they of any chance of escape.

The leading rebels were taken from the E. Cornish in irons, and put on the Virago, while a prize master and fresh crew were sent to the brig, and she was anchored in the Straits. The Virago then proceeded to the eastward, took up the colonists left at Wood's Bay, then went on to Sandy Bay Colony in search of us; but failing to find us, returned, took the E. Cornish in tow, carried her out of the Straits about three hundred miles, and then let

her go under sail, in company with the *Virago*, for Valparaiso. On their way they had kept a constant look out for us, searching every harbor, as the impression was strong with them, that Cambiaso would attack the South Pacific ports.

By Tuesday, the 17th, we were ready for sea; and I must do captain Stuart the justice to say, that during the two days of preparation he rendered me every assistance in his power. Four seamen, a boatswain, and one officer were transferred to the *Florida* from the *Virago*, to assist my exhausted crew; and as both vessels were ready for sea at the same time, captain Stuart towed my vessel above forty miles out. In the evening of the 17th, a fair breeze springing up, we parted company. During most of the passage up we had

a fine breeze and pleasant weather. The steamer was to touch at Valdivia, and other places on the coast, so that I got ahead of her; and by Sunday, the 22d, I was off Caruma head, just south of Valparaiso. Here we had light, baffling winds, and were obliged to lay over till the next morning. About eight o'clock A. M. on Monday, the steamer was seen south of us, coming up the coast, with the Eliza Cornish in tow.

I then had all my sails clewed up, set the American ensign at the mizen top-mast head, and fired two four pounders, to draw the attention of the steamer. She soon bore down for us, took us in tow also, and by two o'clock in the afternoon, of February 23d, we anchored in the harbor of Valparaiso.

On my arrival, I immediately went to

the United States Consul, Mr. William Duer, and through him transmitted to the Intendente of Valparaiso, commander Robert Simpson, my abandonment of the Florida. In reply I was informed by commander Simpson that he had no authority to accept the vessel, but that the subject had been referred by him to the government at Santiago.

The prisoners were landed from the Virago, and the ringleaders delivered into the hands of the law; but the treasure was transferred to the Eliza Cornish; and I learned that it was claimed by the English admiral, and surrendered to him by the Chilian government; and that it was to be sent at once to England, without being landed at all in Valparaiso.

Upon learning this, I immediately entered a protest before the American

consul, Mr. Duer, against the seizure of the Florida, and claimed salvage on the treasure rescued by me from the hands of the pirates. On the 28th, Mr. Duer received a communication from commander Simpson, under the order of Don Antonio Varas, the Minister of Foreign Relations of the Chilian government, wishing to know fully the reasons on which I founded the abandonment of my vessel, in order to determine whether the government should give orders to take possession of the vessel in the name of the State. I then requested Mr. Duer to call a survey on the Florida, for the purpose of ascertaining her present condition and the probable cost of putting her in sea-worthy condition.

Captains Phineas Leach and Joseph Carries, with Mr. George K. Stevenson, master ship carpenter, were directed by

Mr. Duer to proceed to the Florida, make an examination of her state, and report to the consulate. They reported, after a minute calculation, the cost of putting the vessel in a sea-worthy condition to be over four thousand dollars. This report, with my own protest made before the consul, giving an account of the seizure of the vessel, Mr. Shaw's barbarous murder, my imprisonment, the forcible detention of our private property, the re-capture of the vessel, its arrival in San Carlos, my delivery of it into the hands of the authorities there, the transfer of the prisoners and treasure to the Virago, our passage to Valparaiso, &c. &c., and claiming salvage on the treasure and restoration of the personal property of myself, passengers, and crew, I transmitted to Don Antonio Varas, at Santiago.

While waiting for some notice of these communications from the government authorities, I found that the *Eliza Cornish*, having the treasure on board, was preparing for sea, under the orders of the British admiral, and that no steps were being taken by the Chilian authorities to claim the treasure. I therefore caused process to be issued to prevent the sailing of the vessel, in order to obtain an adjudication in the courts of Chili for the salvage to which I was justly entitled, for the re-capture of the treasure. But although there was ample time to execute this process and prevent the removal of the treasure and though I did every thing in my power to cause this to be done, yet the *E. Cornish* was permitted to sail for England.

This was either from the gross neglect, or the wilful default of the officers en-

trusted with serving the process; and I myself firmly believe that the neglect was wilful, and that it arose from the unwillingness on the part of the Chilian government to come into direct collision with the British admiral. Nay, more: I have every reason to believe that many articles of personal property belonging to myself, my passengers, and my crew, were also on the *E. Cornish*; for the prisoners had in their possession at the time we came into San Carlos all our wearing apparel, weapons, and so forth; all of which were transferred to the *Virago* with the prisoners, and which, I was told at San Carlos, should be carefully restored to me on reaching Valparaiso,—but which I never could trace afterwards. Of my own personal effects I never received any thing but one pistol.

It was at this time I made the attempt to recover the ring taken from Mr. Shaw's finger at the time of his death—offering a reward to any one who would bring it to me. I had heard that it was seen on the finger of one of the women brought to San Carlos in the E. Cornish.

Finding no disposition on the part of the government to attend to my written communications, I went to Santiago on the 14th of March, accompanied by Mr. Duer, for the purpose of having a personal interview with our Minister, colonel Peyton, and with Don Antonio Varas.

By the advice of colonel Peyton and Mr. Duer, I addressed a letter to Don Antonio, under date of March 19th, recapitulating the grievances under which I had labored; submitting my claims,

together with my protest, and appealing to the honor of the government to see that I should not suffer from the removal of the treasure, since it had arisen from the neglect of their own officers. I also submitted, that had I not recovered it, the Chilian government would have been bound to make the amount good to the owners; and that at great hazard to my life, I had rendered such service to the State as no great nation permits to pass unrewarded.

In reply to this, an interview was appointed by Don Antonio Varas, for the next day, with Mr. Duer and myself. We went at the time appointed, and found the Minister unwilling to allow any claim for damages sustained, either in person or property, during the time the Florida was in the hands of the rebels, or for salvage on the treas-

ure; but he acknowledged the obligation of the government to pay for the use of the vessel for the time she was in its service. He however postponed the decision of the case until Monday, the 22d, at which time he appointed another interview. Mr. Duer and myself were at his office at the time appointed, but were put off again until the next day. On Tuesday, we held another conversation with Don Antonio Varas, if possible, more unsatisfactory than the first, for not the slightest hope of relief was held forth.

Despairing of obtaining justice, I returned to Valparaiso, and, on the 27th of March, advertised for money on bottomry, to repair the Florida and enable her to proceed to sea. I was forced to do this, as I had literally nothing wherewith to pay the wages of

my crew, much less repair the vessel. The advertisement for bottomry remained in the Daily Mercuria, of Valparaiso, until April 3d, when, no proposals having been received, I was forced to put the barque up for sale, and advertised her on the 7th. The next day, the 8th, Mr. Duer addressed another letter to the Minister, Don Antonio Varas, in which he proposed a compromise. This was done to avoid the necessity for the sale of the vessel, and in hopes that an appeal to the sense of honor of the government might have its effect. Mr. Duer, at first protesting that in making this offer he by no means admitted, either for himself or for me, that my claims were not in all respects just and sound, went on to say that the price paid for the use of the vessel, in taking the prisoners to Magellan, was much

less than it would have been had not the Florida been bound to the United States, via Rio Janeiro, and therefore could stop on her way at Magellan with comparatively little loss or expense. Nevertheless, he offered to accept for the use of the vessel, from the time of her arrival at Magellan till she reached Valparaiso again, a sum per day equal to that which she received according to the contract made from Valparaiso to Magellan, with the addition of ten per cent. The claim for salvage on the specie was not waived, nor the compensation for my personal services. The personal losses of Mr. Buena, the mate, and crew, were ascertained by Mr. Duer, and stated at what he considered a low and reasonable amount.

I was induced to make the offer of this compromise, from my desire to do

the best in my power for my owners, and from my sense of the great sacrifice to them which the forced sale of the vessel would cause; and also from my utter inability to meet any more delay, or incur any further expense, destitute as I was of even the necessities of life, and dependent as my crew were upon me.

This letter was dated April 8th; but no answer was received until the 24th. In the meantime, proposals for the purchase of the vessel were made by Messrs. F. A. Richardson & Co., offering the sum of two thousand eight hundred dollars for the barque. The vessel being advertised for sale on account of whom it might concern, and this being the highest offer received, of course it was accepted.

On the 24th, Mr. Duer received a

letter from Don Antonio Varas, denying the right to any claim for services rendered or losses suffered in consequence of the acts of the revolted colonists, and proposing that in order to determine the time during which the Florida should be considered as employed in the services of the government, an agent should be employed to go between me and the government.

He waives all examination of the estimate formed in Mr. Duer's letter, of the amount to be allowed as claimed by the Florida; he takes leave to observe that Mr. Duer takes it for granted that the Florida was in the service of the government not only during the time she was sailing under the orders of the authorities of Chili, but also the period she was in the power of the insurrectionists; and that the personal

losses of the captain, sailors, and passengers are included in the claim ; whereas they should be considered as resulting from the acts of the rebels, which the government is not responsible for.

With an excuse for his delay in answering Mr. Duer's letter, founded upon his absence from the capital for a few days, and other urgent occupations, he signs himself, "Your obedient servant, Antonio Varas."

On receiving this letter, Mr. Duer joined me in entering a protest at the consulate, against the injuries and damages I had received at the hands of the Chilian government, and the affair was put in the hands of our government authorities, where it now remains.

CHAPTER X.

Cambiaso's trial — His execution — His character — Garcia — My interview with him — The officer saved by Garcia — His wife's gratitude — Mr. Duer's kindness — Mr. Dunn — Captain Avalos — Conclusion.

During the time that I had been occupied in endeavoring to obtain a recognition of my claims from the Chilian government, the trial of Cambiaso, Garcia, and the other ringleaders among the rebels, had been going on at Valparaiso.

Cambiaso's trial was not public, and I was not called in during its course; consequently I could know but little of it. I attended the execution myself, painful as the sight was to me, from

a strange desire which I had to see the last of men who had caused me so much suffering, and from a wish to know how they would meet their fate. Cambiaso was led out heavenly ironed, and therefore little could be judged of the state of his feelings from his bearing or appearance; but he certainly showed no positive cowardice.

I have sometimes thought, in reflecting on the intercourse I had with him, and the traits of character he manifested, that he had naturally fine abilities, which, under a different training and different circumstances, might have led him through a brilliant course. He had, however, a fatal vanity, which was constantly a stronger temptation to him than his principles of right were able to withstand. Much of his cruelty seemed to me to arise from a sort of bravado,

and a desire to impress his followers with a great idea of his power and his courage. I came to this conclusion from noticing that his words were always more cruel than his actions, and yet that his threats did not seem to be uttered under the influence of passion; on the contrary, they were delivered in a grandiloquent manner which sometimes would have made me feel inclined to laugh, if the subjects had not generally been too serious for a joke.

His personal vanity was also very great; and, indeed, he had some excuse for it, for he was certainly a very handsome man. His dress was always very gaudy—sometimes blue, with gilt trimmings, sometimes green—always with two epaulets, and he went constantly armed. I have called him cowardly, but perhaps in that I have done him injustice. It

is possible that what seemed cowardice to me, was only the workings of a sensitive conscience; and that his shunning the eye of those with whom he talked was from a sense of guilt; his punishment may have already begun in his remorse. There were certainly two or three slight indications of this during our intercourse; for instance, he was constantly promising me reparation for the wrongs he had done me, "when we should reach port," or "when general Cruz should come into power;" and after each new crime he seemed to harden himself against the recollection of it by some drunken frolic with the men, or some unusual display. I cannot forget that my situation made it almost impossible for me to judge him with impartiality; and how difficult it is in any situation for one man to judge of

the temptations of another, or of what may be urged in his excuse.

Cambiaso had a wife living near San Carlos, but I was told that she was not a woman of good character, and that he had separated from her. I hope he had no children to inherit the disgrace attached to his name.

Garcia was not acquitted by the court martial, on the ground of his being compelled to follow Cambiaso from fear of his life, and in consideration of various acts of humanity which he had performed, and which were repeated by the rebels themselves, but held for a second trial. After his first trial, I called upon him, and found his sister with him. She was evidently a lady, and I understood that his family were among the most respectable in Valparaiso. He received me very politely — even kindly

—and congratulated me on my escape ; at the same time thanking me for some kindnesses which I had been able to show him during his imprisonment on the Florida.

While I was in Valparaiso, I saw (in his prison,) the officer whose life was spared through Garcia's interference. He was obliged to have his second trial, and as his wife visited him daily, he asked me to come and see him again, saying that she wanted to thank me for my sympathy on the night that he was condemned by Cambiaso. These marks of gratitude for slight favors made me feel that no men are so far wrong that some good feeling does not often show itself, when occasion calls it out ; and that the saying which I have heard somewhere, that "the difference between the best good man and the worst bad

man in this world is not nearly so great in the eyes of God as it is in our eyes," is perhaps very true.

In this narrative, I have endeavored to speak impartially of every one whom I have had occasion to mention; and in cases where I have had occasion to record wrongs done to me, I have endeavored to give only a plain, straightforward narrative of facts, without allowing my own feelings to bias me more than must needs be.

In regard to the salvage question, I cannot but feel that I have been treated unjustly, both by the Chilian government and by the British officers at Valparaiso; but I have endeavored to state the facts as they occurred, leaving the judgment of the case with my countrymen. I am glad to take occasion here to thank Mr. Duer, not only for the assistance which

he rendered me, in the way of his office, but for the kindness and sympathy which I received from him; for the ready interest which he showed in my affairs; and for the activity with which he followed up my claims.

There are those to whom the reading of this narrative will bring great pain, because it will bring vividly before their minds the sad fate of a dear relative. I refer to the friends of Mr. Shaw. To them I can only offer my deep sympathy, and the assurance that Mr. Shaw was to me not simply a companion, but a deeply valued friend, and that my grief for him was lasting and deep.

To Mr. Dunn and captain Avalos I render my thanks for supporting me in maintaining my authority on the Florida, and for the kindness which they showed me after I reached Valparaiso.

Last of all, let me render thanks to that Providence which has rescued me from so many and such great dangers, and restored me to my family and friends, when I had so much reason to despair of ever meeting them again.

I have given this narrative to the public from the thought that my adventures and escapes would not be without their interest to my countrymen; and that the plain, unpretending narrative of a sea-faring man from their own shores, would show to landsmen what they sometimes suffer who "go down to the sea in ships."



